



J A S S O K E T

AND

A N E M O N.

A R A M B L E.

BY

George Arthur Hammond,

AUTHOR OF

THE INDIAN GIRL. MONCACHTAPE. THE TRUFFIER.
THE HARP. THE LAKE OF TEARS. ON THE STRAND.
QUEEN VICTORIA'S OLIVE TREE, AND OTHER POEMS.
THE STORK FLYING EASTWARD.
THREE VOLUMES IN MINIATURE.
A SERENADE. THE TWO OFFERINGS,
THE RECLUSE: A CANZONET.

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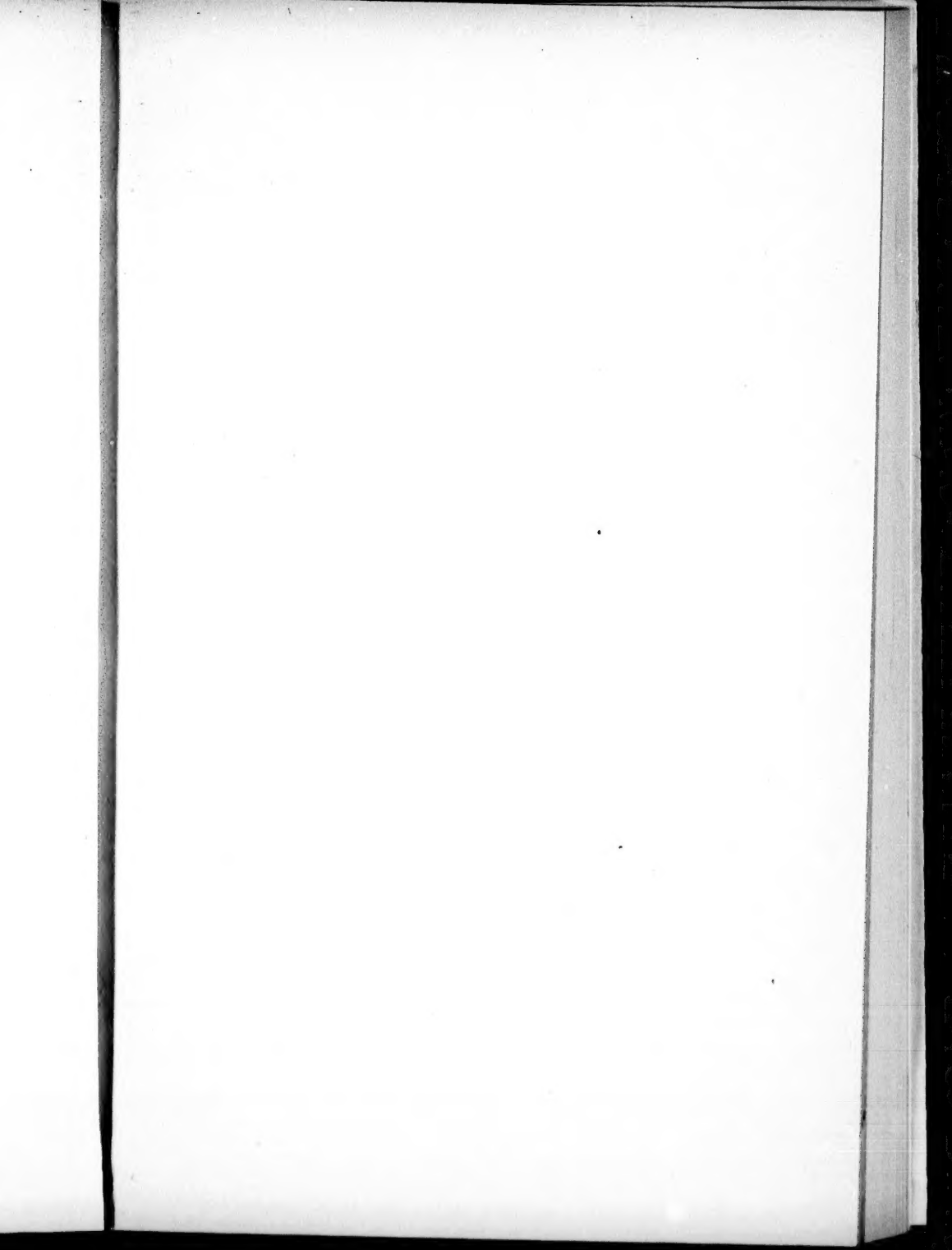
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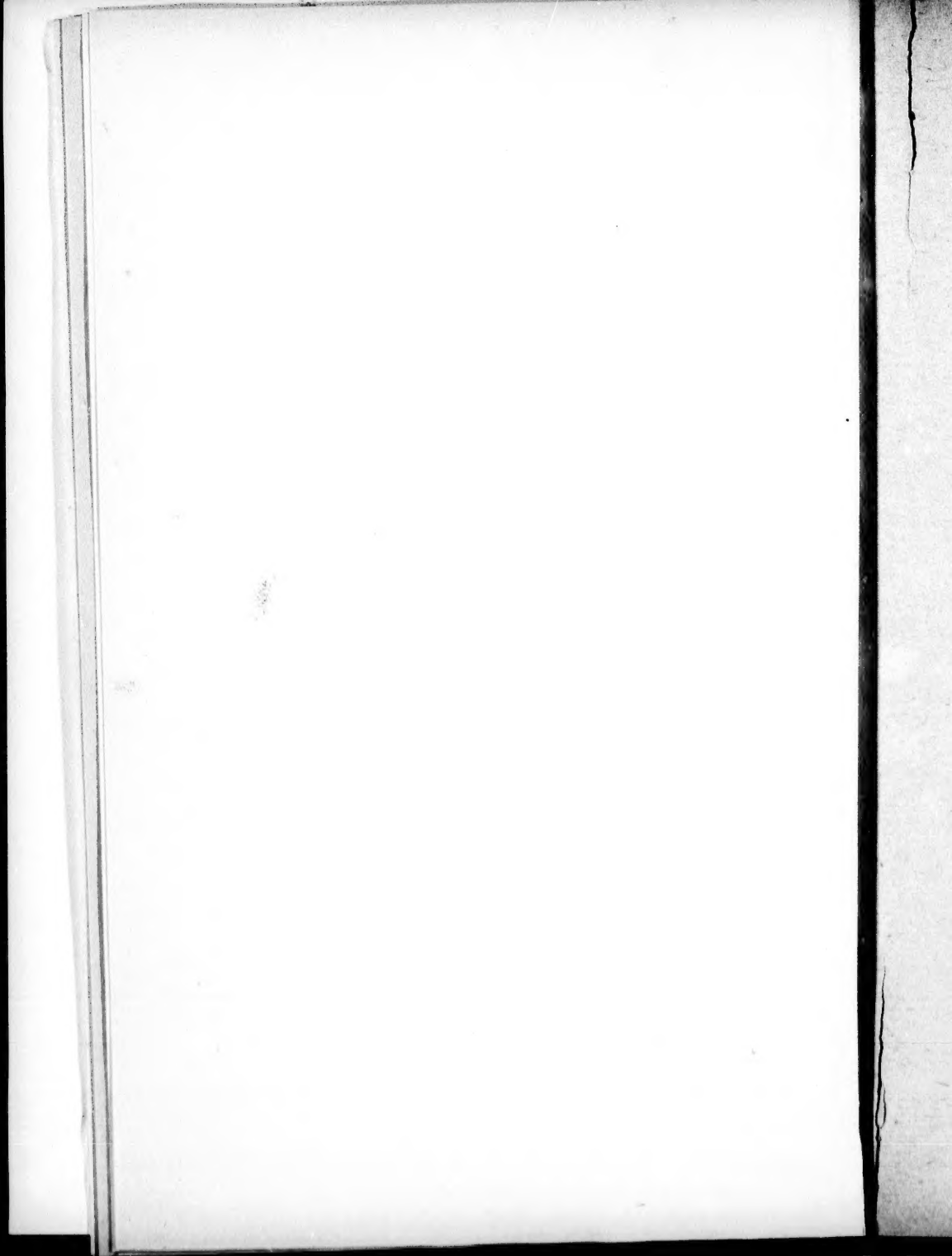
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JASSOKET AND ANEMON.



Scene: A Tree-grown Ruin. Time, Evening.

Jassoket.

Yes! bring my heart the fragrance of its youth,
And I will laugh with thee a summer's day,
From morn till evensong. Nay, Anemon,
I do not sorrow for departed hours,
They lived—are gone—it was for this they lived.
But they should pass into forgetfulness
Leaving fair stones of joy by that still stream
Where lie old glories wasteful.

Anemon.

Have not thine
Bequethed fair forms to walk the slumbrous hills,
And watch the well of immortality?

Jassoket.

Rather, a shadow and a presence have
Come up about me, and—I do not dream,
But earth, this fair earth, is an autumn tree
Which blasts have robbed of fruitage.

Anemon.

Jassoket,

Thy heart is in a cavern, sombre, cold,

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

But I will bring a torch and enter it.

Jassoket.

If thou wilt so, 'twill straightway be a palace.
No wand of magian could transform it more.

Anemon.

Come—I must know the secret of this sorrow.
None but us two are present—and yon heaven
So blue so beautiful. The sun is standing
Like a tired conqueror leaning now his shield
On the sea's rim, and saying to the earth,
Farewell a few short hours.

Jassoket.

The secret? ay.

What if it be a riddle like this Ruin,
A mystery though touching me, beyond me?
And so in sooth it seems. Some mood perverse.

Anemon.

Some unassimilated nutriment,
Or foreign matter, which the economy
Of nature while rejecting proves too feeble
To trounce beyond the precincts of her sanctum.

Jassoket.

Doubtless the plaint is mine. The opportune
Determination to resist evasion,
And grow what Heavenly Providence designed,
Seems still required of us. Yet falteringly
Fill we the role of the Supernal will,
And suffer oft and much in consequence.

Anemon.

Diversified in aspect and in frame,
And variant in mental equipage,

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

Some are traduced by qualms.

Jassoket.

Dear Anemon,

Blushing I arrogate delinquency,
And proudly feel that thou art different,
Nerved by a buoyant spirit. But with me
The gambols of hilarity give scope
At intervals to themes of sober musing.
To clouds, surmises. To some blasts that savor
Of that set time, when autumn grown indignant
Beckons the stormy equipage of winter.
How can one be contemplative indeed,
And not find much to make one serious ?
With sorrow and with indignation, often,
Cast I aside some treatise which should teach
The honor of The Maker.

Anemon.

Does it not ?

You mean as I suppose some sapient comment,
Bearing a reference unto Holy Writ.
Possibly you construe the tome amiss ? —
Some Ruins, but not these, you say, revive
Stern legends of sad sorrowing pendency.

Jassoket.

Life then and liberty were simply pledgets
Stuffed in the scath of sacerdotal sores ;
Used, trampled, burnt, by blind infuriate zeal,
Infatuated hatred of all good.
Sad, is it not, to think of human kindness
Being unknown, and armed proscription raiding
With chains with racks with tortures horrible :

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

And free thought branded, interdicted, bled
Midst drunken laud, and orgies tolerant.

Anemon.

But such mementos are of savage days.
We need but contemplate them distantly.
Unsavory and repulsive! That versed Power
Is milder now attired. No re-enacting
Of those red slaughters can again occur.
Note the insinuating suav ty——
Such richness, such munificence, such state;
And yet so mild so lamb-like! Not austere,
Not distant—seemingly so cordial!

Jassoket.

Alas, dear Anemon, the Persecutor,
Though posing meek and deprecatory,
Hand-cuffed, ill bears in fervor of his zeal,
His fallen prestige and his crippled power.
But loose him—thou and I, and thousands more
Would taste the drugged cup of his tenderness.
Think you 'tis strange I cease to contemplate
Matters like these with sheer indifference?—
Enticed by the coiled Python some approach,
Charmed by his glittering folds and dreamy eyes,
Coy and infatuating blandishments,
And iuterchanging vistas of delight.
Lo! flashing gems and gorgeous robes of state.
Purple and scarlet, of exceeding cost,
Dissolving music, high and rapturous strains!
And now in closing circles reel the prey,
Intoxicated, till the crushing folds
Of the lithe Monster clasp them evermore!

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

Anemon.

Alas that some will grow so venturous,
But let us change the theme—a truce a truce.

Over these trees a tender trance is stealing,
Like a sweet memory noiselessly o'erspreading.
The song of birds is low and intermittent.
While on a field of sapphire, regal clouds
As cohorts posed on open campaign figure,
In slow precession, stately evolution.
Note the translusion delicately variant,
Golden—and now rich purple soft suffused.

Dear Jassoket, what mystery in all—
Ourselves and our surroundings. Is it nature?
Then what is nature, just a Something potent,
Dateless and self-existent? Abstract power,
Vigor not necessarily created.
Or was it built of God, devised by Him
With all its exquisite inconceivable
Equipments? But, alack, my views are cursory,
They reach not to the secret cores of things,
Which sage philosophers deep steeped in science,
Maintain they can. I scarcely credit them.
Long hidden powers arise, startling as Phantoms,
That still elude the grasp. Yet by degrees,
And after long recusance, they are chained
To the great wheel of toil. But tell me, Jassoket,
Is the chief Builder nature without God,

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

Or with but slight and general supervision?
O, I forget—to this I think you alluded,
When hinting your disgust at certain authors.
Do you then censure loyal theologians?

Jassoket.

I do indeed! And own with what surprise,
What indignation, what supreme contempt,
I read some comments made by men whose office,
Whose ministrations, whose reputed faith
In truth revealed, should hold them far above
Cringing to scientific infidels.
Great braves whose whole life's labor had one aim
And that, to brand the Invulnerable Book!
Gemmed staff of consolation, by whose aid
The pilgrim mounts the difficult hill whose top
Is high advanced, and angels visit it.

Anemon.

Instance in something kindly, Jassoket.—
Oh, I am but a humming-bird in june,
Dipping its bill, while sunning its green plumes
On whirring wings of mist, and but a moment
Poised over any blossom. Then away
To others, sipping nectar from them all,
Yes honey, ever sweet. I never linger
Shuddering above the secret tides that drag
The icebergs of cold questioning, to shock

JASSOKET AND ANFMON.

The fervency of volatile enjoyment.
But see—O see—look yon ler, Jassoket—
Those clouds, those dropping clouds, far in the east
Glory alights upon them! Oh how matchless.
What living hues that soar. Although the sun
Is now quite level with the sea. No rain
Stirs a leaf here. But the grand Bow is there,
Magical apparition. Do you know
Silently as I view the pitchy cloud,
And note the charming iris on its bosom,
Natal in rain drops, meekly awed I join
In Nature's sovereign cult. A Newton was it
Who ascertained the law, dispelled the mystery
Which previously enveloped this sublime
Result of changeless sequence. From far depths
Of early nature, Of uncounted ages—
(No savant even yet has fixt the date
When it first spanned the cloud, pale and so faintly)
But after ages most indefinite,
To Noah, who had seen it from a child
Thousands of times admiring, we are told,
After the Flood—(which Mil'ner who believed
The Bible says, and proves, extended only
Some thousand leagues in its circumference.)
It pleased God to appoint it for a sign,
And cited Noah to it, telling him,
The bow which he had seen six hundred years,

JASSOKET AND ANEMON,

(Yes, and had oft and oft when a mere boy,
Chased the gay spectre in his youthful glee,
O'er odorous banks in that first fairer world)—
Is constituted now a Sign and pledge,
To him and all the earth. And we are told
By sage and pious men who prize the Bible,
That God just simply took a thing that was,
And consecrated it to be a Sign.
And learn'd men now—yes most religious men,
Affirm there is no reason why God should not
Take something quite familiar, and make that
The confirmatory token of His promise.

Infinitesimal—and slowly changed :
From star-dust and from monera arising,
Nature evolved. So pleads philosophy.
And eons piled on eons scarce sufficed—
Myriads of ages—gownsmen yet agree not
In the long computation. And great prelates
Fully assent to all these various things.

But, Jassoket, why seem you sad and thoughtful.
I, who just skim along the ocean level,
Close as a flying fish, have picked up thus much.
But why so sober ? Now it makes me sigh.
Do you not think so ?

Jassoket.

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

Anemon—impossible—

What? you so silly!—Shame, O burning sham
That watchmen on the sacred tower of truth,
Believe not in The Mighty One of Hosts,
The God of Israel. But in a God,
Mean as an idol god that can do nothing!
That will do nothing; and that never did
Make an original; and that never can!
A God that neither did nor can create,
But merely efform things that always were.

Jassoket.

Science propounds and steadily affirms:
That out of nothing nothing can be made:
That matter can not be annihilated:
That law itself in matter is innate:
That nature is immutable in act,
Impervious to change or interference.

Jassoket.

And these are axioms blazoned and supreme.
Thus they construct an idol as their God,
A deity that spurns not subterfuge,
A being formed of their imaginations,
Like to themselves; a fine god of their own!
And not The Holy One of Israel.

Anemon.

Dear Jassoket—Oh, are you not censorious?
The laws of nature can they be suspended,
Or intercepted, much less set aside?
Is their assent not simple? They concur
In philosophic prescript.

Jassoket.

And discredit
The law-creating fiat of The King.
What ! dare insult the Majesty of Heaven,
By circumscription, yes, by tacit charges
Of incapacity, of falsehood even,
Of doing what a child would scarce pretend.
A soveneir ? No, a perpetrated sham,
Lacking the element of commemoration.
Sign ? 'twas no sign, nor could be named as such
If ever seen before, if ever Noah
Beheld it ere that smoke of sacrifice
Ascended from the altar unto God,
High from the hill top on that gracious morn
Which dawned upon a desolated world,
Weeping, but now at rest. For a great flood
Had swept foul rampant wickedness away.
But never till that hour was rainbow seen.
Then first that new created arch embellished
The pitchy cloud, while the saved men rejoiced.

Anemon.

Yes, now I recollect, dear Jassoket,
That even when clans of old commemorated
Some deed, or made some treaty, or some con pact,
A ceremony, pledge, marked stone, or mound,
Figured as testimony. Jacob also,
Great Prince, when he awaked set up the Pillar,
And consecrated it with oil, in token

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

Of that transcendent vision which appeared,
While his head rested on it in the night.
Where hides that Stone? Now I again recal
How our proud ancestors split saplings tender,
And placed them in the archives of our Isles,
In way of testimony.

Jassoket.

These are witnesses.
There must be innovation, change at least,
An act of some sort. Will they dare to say,
That God did absolutely nothing. Not
The slightest act, but merely pointed Noah
To a phenomenon familiar!
O blind theologians! O base irreverence.
What! tacitly charge the Maker of all worlds,
With sheer ineptitude to make a Sign!

Anemon.

Placed thus so plain, dear Jassoket, 'tis awful.
Surely they must be quite insensible
To the great wrong thus done the glorious Maker.
Most clearly then this rich creative act
Marked a great Epoch, worthy of the Lord.
Glad gracious Sign, sweet smiling confidence,
Signal and adequate: God's peerless Bow.

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.



Scene: A Tree-grown Ruin. Time, Morning.

Jassoket.

DEEP puzzles yet accost us. Here we sit.
On a squared stone, huge fragment of a wall.
Who built it? Sturdy and deft hands upreared
This rampart formidable. Long denuded,
Before these towering trees with tasseled arms
Perched on its crumbling stonework. History
Is speechless as the quarry whence it rose.
No phantoms of tradition haunt these spaces,,
Of splendors overthrown, of outpoured days.
Yet here are vestiges. And mystic gravings
Picture an age when stern construction boasted
Skill and achievements with no meager claim.
Days in which tasks herculean were achieved
Yes, when great hills were terraced when canals
Distributed this green world's crystal bath,
Effused and dipt and poured aye making laughter
And exultation in a thirsty clime.
But these great stones—each in itself a tome,

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

How came they to be here while leagues afar
The rifled quarry yawns ? The tireless zeal
Of the first ages cannot be denied.
And yet, disfigured by idolatry,
Their doom was desolation. Else the vigor
Of all first glories had not passed away.

Anemon.

Yonder—a stragler—Sakal—Is it he ?
Often we meet him.

Jassoket.

Restless, bright but clouded,
His intellect though suffering eclipse,
Deals yet in marvels. A biologist,
Stuffed with crude dreams.

Anemon.

How lost amongst the riddles
Of the impenetrable. And yet there,
An autocrat in fancy. Do you think
His visions and imaginary flights
Occur while he is sleeping ?

Jassoket.

Possibly.

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

But star-dust, jelly-fish, and all the nonsense
Of speculative science, long absorbed him.
Now that his reason needs an arbiter
Wild fancies gambol with his intellect.
And who shall prove that his absurdities
Are not as rational as very much
Which begs the name of science. ? Lost in reverie-

Anemon.

Good morning, Sacal. Have you some discovery,
Or sapient dogma to refresh our ears ?

Sacal.

Lady, I was a dreamer in the woods,
Slumbering in gladness. And a Phantom came,
And dipt me in a shadow which remains.
Why do I make thee sad—thou who art all
Enspersed in sweet regards ? Bland as the earth
Enveloped in warm mists, when the great firs
Of the coal measures, shook the towering cloud,
Ages on ages, and the Megalosaurus,
Midst rank club mosses and commetic trails,
With extinct mammals revelled in their glory,
While uncompleted man was yet an ape.

Jassoket.

Some apish tricks I fear still cling to him.

Saca'.

Yes, and his long evolvment is most certain.
——Lady, I was a loiterer in the woods,
Between two rivulets, cool clear and sparkling.
I must have dreamed. Is ideality
Capable of such flights—so far so fleetly.
And in one moment back?—I don't believe it!
Heavens countless, yes I saw them, doubt it not.
Would it be tedious just to listen ?

Anemon.

No.

Sacal, proceed, we like philosophy.
Refresh our ears with quaint discoveries.
Braid us a garland of rich odorous blossoms,
Fresh from some wandering planet dipt in dews.

Jassoket.

Finds, scientific, seem oracular,
Tho' variant as the breezes and as trustless.
What sage announcements in unchallenged runics
Are blown as specs from an illumined sky,
And tarnish not its glory ! Theirs are guesses,
And, Sacal, yours may be as reasonable
As other pundits.

Sacal.

Only to the ladies

Do I divulge my plausible theories.
Dive I not into Nature's subtle essence ?
Simply admit me an *authority*,
And be admonished by my latest trip
Through avenues of space.

Anemon.

Pleased we attend.
Your claim may be quite valid. Those researches
Are strangely fascinating,

Sacal.

As I lay

Resting and musing by those tinkling brooks,
It suddenly occurred to me, that hearsay,
And lean conjecture were but trustless vagrants,
Mere will-o-the-wisps, while actual inspection
And scrutiny most intimate and searching,
Were much more to the point.

So off I sailed

Through the cold space to a great nebula
Which never optic tube has yet resolved.
Will you believe me that a mass of splendor,
But of another type astounded me.
Stardust there was none. Orbs and central suns
Seemed to be missing. But magnificence
In wondrous parks and globes and palaced cubes,
Reticulate, unique, superb and dazzling,

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

Of varied hues and exquisite in blendings,
Moved in a pleasing amplitude of space,
In vortises and orbits intricate.
And joyous denizens in nascent splendor,
Groups of them, companies, that with least effort
Glided from place to place in glowing converse.
And when I said to myself: Can this be Heaven?
Something replied: Or but a Tarrying Place? —
Had they been denizens of this dim earth,
Or whence and whither there? It seemed to me,
As a great hostelrie where many meet,
Become acquainted and some moments rest,
And thence pass onward unto other mansions.
I paused in wonder and astonishment.
And when I cried: All these of stardust molded!
Stardust? fell echoed with a laugh a jeer.
Shame smote me, and I fled away abashed.

Anemon.

Sacal, your vision rather stultifies
Those scientific claims. Why did you not
Dream things corroborative?

Sacal.

Lady, tell me,
Before you drempt could you prefix the motto,
And plan the scenes, or must you wait till after?
And yet a dream is but a childish frolic

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

Of restless fancy. Oft it puzzles me
To know the origin, the first great fact
Of time and nature. But on this I rest,
That Vapor—call it stardust or aught else,
Is the capacious matrice of the whole,
Of all, of every thing. Tact, energies,
By circles of developement achieved,—
All that we see, all that we can conceive of,
Were Vapor once, that term comprises all.

Anemon.

Ah, Sacal, if there were no Providence
Nothing could be preserved. If no Creator,
Every thing would be nothing.

Sacal.

Can you prove it?

Anemon.

Alas, your theory confutes itself.
Impossibilities compose its basis:
Its superstructure is absurdities.

Sacal.

Good morning, Lady. I have ceased to argue.
The matrix of the universe is Vapor,
Formative, unassisted and complete.

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.



Scene 3 : A Tree-grown Ruin. Time, Morning.

Enter Delia.

Now Anemon,—oh, you will think me silly,
And gobbled up by strutting pageantry,
Badly as Sacal. But I too have drempt !
And yet was not a dreamer in the wood,
Between two rivulets bright and wonderful
As stars dissolved : rich as the diamond angel
Of the swift heart, that visits every thing
And yet seems not to have gone, as Sacal boasts.
I stept into a star !

Anemon.

Some plannet beautiful
Or a great nursery ?

Delia.

No, a central orb
Of young and violet life. The very air
Was formed of tremulous lustres and ensphered

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

That mighty globe. And, very strange, it seemed
Some royal post of science ringed with vantage,
A seat of observation. Reason's throne,
To scan and wait—The far off seemed so near.
Long I stood gazing upwards, and I saw
Heavens scooped from heavens diversified in hue.
As from an obelisk in Egypt old,
When on its wing of glory proud emblazed,
The wonders of high art entablatured,
In dazzling prospect overpowered the sight :
So, starry systems numberless as sands,
Charmed me with dreams august.

Jassoket.

Well, really.

Delia, your dream comes nearer to plain fact,
Than much that's current for grave theory.

Delia.

But there was something—an enticing glory,
Which beckoned me from those infinitudes.,
But how shall I attain it? For indeed
Oft have I paused in life's gay reel and flutter,
Imprest with something beyond life's illusion.

Jassoket.

There is an Ancient Roll. Dusty it lies.

JASSOKET AND ANEMON,

Veiled by indifference. Buried midst the whirl
Of mistifying tomes. Go—dig it up.
There's light in it.

Delia.

Now I remember me
That I have seen, hope, gladness, choice content
In certain ones by whom 'twas richly stored.
Which to my shame and loss in truth I have not,
And yet have conned it over variously.
Its themes reach far.

Anemon.

How far !

Delia.

I feel indeed
That I am compassed by three mysteries,
Time, Space, and the Great Life of life, the One
Invisible, Immortal.

Anemon.

Unbelieved,
Or much disliked by self-deluding folly.
How strong in might ! How lavish of His love !

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

Jassoket.

His lips created space immeasurable,
Stored it with marvellous infinitudes :
With lights, lifes, objects, motions, expusites,
Intangibles, and influences hale.
Great Sage of sages, King of kings. He only
Has might and comprehension glorious,
Each all-embracing. Lo, even dust of dust,
The least in life, which aided eye has never
Scanned or perceived, is carefully recorded,
Apportioned and enstated in full life.

Delia.

Your words extend beyond my grasp and scope.
If space itself be found as you aver
An absolute creation, could there be
Aught when there was no space ?

Jassoket.

Ah, Delia,
The glory uncreated of the High One,
Forms the great camp of the infinitudes.

Anemon.

Where did our Lord ascend, when finally
He bade his friends adieu on olivet ?

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

Jassoket.

Far, far above all heavens, into the sphere
Of light all unapproachable. Amidst
The inconcievable splendors of the KING.
Is there not much of which we nothing know?

Anemon.

We dream we see and boast that we discover
The make up and the origin of things ;
And yet that sham of science is as bootless—

Delia.

As the wild vision which I told you of.
Perhaps as trustless.

Jassoket.

God's true word alone
Records the historic facts of the creation.
The grand and simple genesis, from which
The theories of science falsely named,
Will be swept off by the incoming tide.

Delia.

A pure resolve, like a fair wing of beauty,
Alights within my heart.

Anemon.

Right glad am I.

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

See those pearl vested clouds that scattered float
Loitering in the cerulean vault. No breath
To move them. And the sun's proud flaming eye
Looks through them unopposed.

O hark—hark, Delia—
That was my hidden lyrist!—soft—again!
Invisible songster—sad pathetic joyous;
Deep, composite, what modulated rapture!
You ask the songbird's name—really I know not.
Nor would I desecrate its leafy grotto
To ascertain. But oft and oft it charms me
With a like song. Repeated all too seldom.

Jassoket.

How rich our Father makes us with these gifts,
And interchanges. Lo, this earth of His,
Even since its curse ('twas cursed in love to us!)
Abounds in beauty and variety.
And constant note of time by sun and moon,
And movements of the spheres.

Anemon.

Then how much more
By the surprising method of redemption,
By the choice gift of a dear Intercessor.
He woos us back, He loves us, He entreats us

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

But was it of himself our dear Lord spoke,
In the similitude of a Merchant Prince ?

Jassoket.

To which similitude do you refer,
That of the pearl ?

Delia.

Is not our Lord himself
The inviting pearl—only to be obtained
By selling all ?

Jassoket.

Ah, what have we to sell !
We who are sold ourselves—yea hopelessly
Consigned to poverty ? Yet, Delia, yet
We—even ourselves compose the very pearl
Our dear Lord valued. And by selling all,
He purchased us !

Delia.

Did He indeed thus prize
The race of fallen men !

Jassoket.

Now mark the cost.
For a parenthesis of toil and smiting,
He abdicates triumphal splendors old,

He comes a Man, the hated Man—high bearing
God's broken law. Exhibiting in sorrow,
The love that stints not to the last stern mite,
In paying for HIS pearl that costs so dearly.
And taking all our sins upon Himself—
Insufferable load—it crushed His life,
And in the rockhewn tomb of Joseph laid him.

Victor He comes ! He re appears with spoils,
Wrenched from the master grasp of man's
Destroyer.

Shows dazzling trophies for eternity,
Quitting the Dragon crippled and in chains.

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.



Scene 4 : A Vine Shaded Portico. Time, Noon.

Anemon.

Have I disturbed you, dearest Jassoket ?
Close not the treatise—lay it not aside.
I fear I am intruding.

Jassoket.

No indeed !

Glad you have come. I am a little puzzled
By this profound pretentious oracle.
Read and take note—what effort to convince.
And yet I doubt its plausible deductions.
The premises somewhat conjectural,
Though fortified by rounded periods,
Betray a lack of solid inference,
And basis indesputable. To me
At least it seems so.

Anemon.

I have conned the work.
It treats of chaos and the pre-existent
Basis of matter. Do you think it error
To presuppose a heterogeneous state

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

Of elemental crudities : that after
Collected and coordinated, formed
Suns and their systems ? In the holy Record,
Is there not written first and pominent,
“In the beginning”? When was that beginning?
The sacred text I think does not inform us.
Is not that previous time conjectural,
And independent of the after date ?

Jassoket.

Dear Anemon, is it precisely so ?
A foisted “*the*” is most equivocal :
For simply IN BEGINNING are the words.
The interjected particle distills
A mist and brings obscurity. It serves
The purpose of a gloss unwarranted.
It lacks fidelity.

Anemon.

Ah, Jassoket
Is not the meaning simple, and the same
In either case ? I see no difference.

Jassoket.

Dear Anemon, I know you do not. Yet
There is a difference—and great indeed,
It makes the Record contradict itself !

JASSOKET AND ANEMON,

Lets in a bald hiatus.

Anemon.

Even yet
Fail I to see the variance of a tint
In scope or meaning.

Jassoket.

Yet I must assure you,
I am not hypercritical when arguing,
How very literal—O how exactly—
Should every word be rendered, every figure
Untarnished by the slightest touch. Though odd
And needing explanation, as one thinks,
To make it popularly understood.
Every iota is most sacred here,
Nothing superfluous, nought inscribed at random.

Anemon.

Dear Jassoket, and yet I fail to grasp
The hair line of your argument ; so narrow,
So inappreciable seems the difference
To my dull apprehension.

Jassoket.

Anemon,

Let us go forward with the inspired account,
Note what the God of Israel inscribed

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

On the two Tables in the flaming mount.
Mark there 'tis written thus: *For in six days*
YAHVEH made heaven and earth the sea and all
That in them is, and rested the seventh day.
Now here are heaven and earth, by that hiatus
Cast out of the account of those six days,
And relegated to uncertain times,
In the great past beyond.

Anemon.

Were not those days
Of the creation, myriads of ages,
Unmeasured by rotation of the spheres?
For it is written, that with The Most High,
A thousand years are merely but a day?
And were not such those days of the creation?
Philosophers indeed and theologians,
Seem quite agreed that it was really so.
—Oh! we are so delighted, reverend Sir.

Enter: *Dr. Dawn.*

Pardon my entering midst your colloquy,
Quite inadvertently I stole the gist.
Dear Lady I am fully in accord
With your remark. The Bible, my dear Sir,
Is not a treatise geological,

Nor yet a terse compendium of science.
On these points theologians are agreed.

Jassoket.

You caught the gist, but not the prior query.
My argument was this : That six true days,
Six days of length like ours—in length precisely,
Saw heaven and earth created and completed.

Dr. Dawn.

But, my dear Sir, I beg to differ with you.
Your argument subverts the very basis
Of scientific facts. Such lame contention,
Enters the lists with champions robust,
Embattles with redoubted scientists.

Jassoket.

Facts, are they facts? I brand them as foul slander
What ! challenge not the passage of the bridge,
Which they have made a second Lodi? No sir.
God's word is truth. And no prevarication
Sullies the sacred text.

Dr. Dawn.

I also credit

The Bible—well so far as seems inspired—
Subject to doubt-embodiment exegesis,
And siftings of the higher criticism.

Premising that it be interpreted
In consonance with well collated facts :—
Deliberate verdict of those studious men,
Whose lives have been devoted to the task
Of cautious, shrewd induction. From the trend
And plainly written mysteries of nature,
The laws that actuate and govern it,
Have been deduced, defined, and relegated
To impartation in that facile chaos,
Whence every thing originally sprang.

Jassocet.

Where do you find that chaos, may I ask ?
Is it a revelation through the Word,
Some grey tradition, or mere supposition ?

Dr. Dawn.

Deduced from God's own word: In the beginning
Is the prime clause inscribed upon the Roll.
Now when was that beginning ?

Jassocet.

Is it written
That chaos ever was ? Or that some previous
Creation of our astral system spacious,
Had ere that time been made ?

Dr. Dawn.

Most certainly.

The nebular theory is adequate,
And very well established as the method
Employed to build the universe. How grand
Was its conception, and how scientific !
A nebulous stupendous atmosphere,
Striding the utmost limit of our system,
Including the most devious comet's track.
With temperature decidedly intense.
In the long trend of uncomputed cycles,
Slowly revolving, and as slowly cooling.
And in its cooling still condensing ever.
With centralizing emphasis endued.
Increasing in rapidity of rotation,
Obedient to well known dynamic laws.
After vast ages : in the outer skirts,
The force centrifugal would overbalance
Attraction to the centre. Rings would then
Split off successively. Impinging still,
In the fierce grasp of dominating forces,
The giant nucleus would form a sun,
Flaming intensely. Those exterior rings
Compose the planets and their satellites,
Elaborated in conformity
With these great laws of nature.

JASSOKET AND ANEMON,

Jassoket.

Stuff like this,

I hesitate not to denounce, and scorn
As most egregious nonsense. But go on,
And treat us with choice theoretic views,
As you accept them. For myself I scan
With infinite contempt the baseless dreams
Of mad conspirators.

Dr. Dawn.

Well, my good friend,

Since you are so erratic in your views,
Averse to rational conviction; truly
The experiment is hopeless—but I will
Propound the elements of my belief—
All which are views of general acceptance—
In the terse method of the schools. Presuming
That if not to your taste, 'twould relish slightly,
On your dear wife's account. Who, I perceive,
Is sensible and very courteous.

Anemon.

Thank you. But flattery, though often pleasing
To eager hope, is fulsome still; nor seldom
Just tolerated as a much worn coin,
Less for intrinsic value, than because
A rough refusal would be inexpedient.

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

Possibly, Sir, you over estimated
The preference which you suppose I share,
In natural problems as now formulated
By the great thinkers. For in very fact
I yet have no established category,
Or predilection for these various themes.
But listening to Jassoket, sometimes
Improvise checks to the decided tone
Wherein he challenges some point of note.

I can but add, that I am greatly pained
To find so much distrust, such disposition
To cavil at God's Truth, to treat the Bible—
The Record of The King of Kings, which He
Has given, as a legacy unvalued,
By patriarchs and kings and martyred prophets—
With lack of reverence. O is it not,
Of all things the most sacred in the world?
Sole source of light. Rich fount of the sublime.
Transcendent. Precious. Always in advance.
Pathway to wisdom, comfort, blessedness,
In this world and beyond. — But let us now
Partake of a collation. Afterwards,
Under the shadow of those towering pines,
While I will listen, you and Jassoket
May test your arguments a little further :
And part good friends, with mutual benefit.

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.



Scene 5 : Under Shading Pines. Time, Afternoon

Anemon.

Under tall pines, in this balsamic shade,
Seated on upthrown mossclad roots grotesque,
While the soft tremulous airs are whispering,
Discussions, broken off may be renewed ;
Abbreviated arguments, assume
Proportions more athletic, and assert
The opposition of high argument,
With stern embattled theories entrenched,
Midst real dudgeon, and in mimic fray.

Pardon me, Gentlemen, if I predict,
That now, this quiet safe delightful nook,
May tremble with brisk passages of arms,
Shake at the romp of reeds from bloated quivers,
On wellpoised shields, and nimble footed aids.
As each shall summon and lead up his troop,
With clarion, and noisy beat of drum.
Who wins the day ? Alas, who shall decide !
When each one, silently—if not aloud,
Claims to be victor ?

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

Dr. Dawn.

Will you kindly sit
As umpire? — Really, if sly merriment
Has any virtue in it, we may leave
With a good grace, our verdict of contention
To this fair Lady. Do you think so? — Then,
Our Umpire!

Anemon.

Nay, dear Sir, can I indeed
Being unprovided, without secret leaning,
Adjudge the fray? While pure indifference,
Mingled with strictest justice, is required.
Yet you will not adjudge my playfulness.
Hilarity should oft go hand in hand,
With sober thought and muscular endeavour.
Most things are joyous—aven jocular
In some degree.

But laying now aside
The sportive mood. And counting on the rescue,
And vantage—If I *must* pick up the glaiive—
Venturing I ask in meek simplicity:
What constitutes a Miracle? And if
There have been things which were miraculous—
So beyond creed and natural endeavor,
As to be ranked and credited as such?

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

Dr. Dawn.

Truly, dear Lady. I am of opinion,
There have been things—perhaps referable
To causes natural—which very nicely
Enter that catalogue.

Anemon.

And is that all? —

Ah Jassoket, you must assume the gage !
Now be my champion in the fearful odds.
For with a smile and blush I quit the field.

Jassoket.

Thus, Anemon, you force me in the gap.
Must I repeat the question : Is that all ?
Is there no God disseverant from nature ?

Dr. Dawn.

Well, my contention, Sir, is simply this :
I hold, that the Creator formed all things
Out of Himself. And what beside indeed
Was there to form them of ? Proved is it not,
A fact selfevident, that out of nothing
Nothing can be evolved ? And by this fact,
Annihilation equally is debarred.
Then must not nature be inseperate,
Even its inscipient, and chaotic form,

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

From the Great Former ? And yet mark me, Sir,
No puntheist am I. The Puissant Maker,
Common is my a location — not the work,
Though expusitely moulded.

Jassoket.

How could He,
The Pure and Lofty One, impart his substance
To objects and to beings who would fall
From purity and glory ! Are you not
Lending accordance to a most absurd,
Illogical and impious theory ?

Dr. Dawn.

Permit me just to say, I cannot see it.
Now, to pass onward with a simple leap,
To statements Biblical. 'Twould really seem
In reference to chapters first and second,
That man's creation, noted chapter one,
Is unequivocally different
From the naration found in chapter two.
Which argues a preadamite creation.
The first took place outside the sacred Garden,
The last near and within its chosen precincts.
The last comprises two ; the former largely
Speaks, as of numbers previously formed.

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

Previously—do we know how many decades ?
Prolific—but no limit is prescribed.
For do you not remember, that when Cain
Was speedily deported for his crime ;
A wife was his—but whence that wife ? And at
The advent of one son he builds a city.
Yes. and said previously, that every one
Who found, would kill him. Now decipher this,
If Adam were the sole progenitor,
Conjoined with Eve, of the whole human race ?

Jassoket.

May there not be some slight discrepancy,
Not in the Sacred Scroll, but in the method
Of those who comment on those primal facts ?
At the first noted birth, how old was Adam ?

Dr. Dawn.

The statement is not made. No date is given,
Till Seth is born.

Jassoket.

Seth was a noted son.
And so were Cain and Abel. But I ask,
In all the Record is it stated ever
That Cain was Eves first Child ? Yet if the first,
How many sons and daughters doubtless played

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

Midst the rich fruitage of that glorious world,
Ere that a Cain and Abel, brought their several
Offerings before the Cherub guarded gate.
For then was Cain a tiller of the soil,
And Abel led his flocks. Can we suppose,
They were even then the only progeny
Of Eve and Adam, when The Glorious One,
Blessing, had said: Be fruitful, multiply,
And dominate and beautify the earth.

Dr. Dawn.

Not in that light to me perceptible :
Facts argue a pre Adamite creation.
Cain and his brother were the primal first.
And in my apprehension they were twins.
Eve dreamed she had the promised Seed acquired
To bruise the Serpent's head. And when surprised
By yet another, named him Vanity.
As an addition quite inexplicable.
And after these, the sole the next was Seth.

Jassoket.

Excuse me, if I smile at arguments
Which seem to lack a reasonable basis.
Initial personages, those notorious,
Typical, or distinguished by some act,
Either good or bad—and only these are mentioned

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

The common progeny must be inferred,
And supplemented by collateral facts.
Not theoretical, but involved most clearly
From salutary impact of decree.
And vigorous impulse of those dawning ages.
Thus at the death of Abel, indisputably,
The progeny of Adam were not sparse,
But numbered many thousands. Yes, even then
Were crystalizing in communities,
And growing into cities. Is it not
Clearly inferred ?

Dr. Dawn.

But I am not convinced.
I fail to understand it in that vein.
No commentator ever argued thus.
Doubtless a prehistoric race supplied
The sons of Adam. Consequently Cain
Builted a city in his banishment,
On birth of his first son.

Jassocet.

Thus you dispute
The Sacred Record. Once again I ask
Proof of a chaos, proof from God's own word,
In His revealed economy.

Dr. Dawn.

Most certainly.

Did I not plead before : "In The Beginning,"
As the prime clause closed in the sacred Roll?
Count me the ages heaped in that beginning,
Midst indisputable chaos.

Jassoket.

Written is it,
The heavens were embryotic, or involved,
Crude, and commingled with material germs,
In elemental strife ?

Dr. Dawn.

Assuredly—

"In the beginning." Read a little further :
"Earth without form and void."

Jassoket.

Kindly, dear Sir,
Scan somewhat closely the original,
The pruned significance of the sacred text.

Anemon.

—Pardon me, Gentlemen—but now the sun,
In golden trail, from lessening altitude
Threats us beneath our pines. Had we not better.
Accept the inviting knoll beneath those elms.
See ! boughs profuse droop to the dreaming brook,
Swathed is the bank with blossoms of sweet odor,

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.



Scene 6 : Under Shading Elms. Time, Afternoon

Anemon.

Here basks the drowsy rivulet. How grateful
Is change, even limited by things familiar.
Some simple variation, or assemblage,
By hidings, or new aspects of the view,
Anear or in the offskip. Hence variety
Seems transformation, with additional
Enrolment of delight. So excellent,
So overdripping with grave merriment,
Are all God's blissful works.

How sweetly now,
Winged with reverberate gladness flits the day.
And seated thus, the line of argument
May in some pool of thought receive a nibble,
And treat us to an intellectual trout.
Thus may it prove ! Permit me now to listen.

Dr. Dawn.

Friend, are you not too rich in this fair Lady !
I almost envy you such cheering banter.

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

Tis healthful as the fragrance of choice roses,
Midst the profusion of this flower hid bank.

But to our argument—I quite forget
The milestone of our progress. O, I have it.
“In the beginning.” Yes, a little further,
“Earth without form and void.”

Jassoket.

And I repeat,
Mark, and scan closely the original :
The text is both concise and positive.
And no addition supplementary,
Can be admitted.

Dr. Dawn.

And I ask, Why not
Is not the expression used elliptical,
And but expanded in translation ?

Jassoket.

Show me
Authority to thus interpolate
The awful truth of God. That sacred phrase,
Displays no *hal* no *the* between those words :
But simply “In Beginning” forms the phrase.

Dr. Dawn.

Well, my dear Sir, once more I can but say,
 I hold the Bible high. Two thousand years,
 Or nearly, but sufficed for its production,
 By forty different men. Yet what agreement,
 Very surprising in its various statements,
 Extant in all the different manuscripts.
 The ancient classics are not so preserved.
 Such statements as are deemed most incorrect,
 Are generally theories supplementary,
 Construed into the text and ousting science:
 Quite adverse to philosophy. For instance,
 You also with the untaught err by thinking
 Six thousand years exceeds the real age
 Of this great world. Imagining that man
 In genesis is synchronous with earth.
 But the text says not so. There comes a pause.
 After the birth of heaven and earth, so called,
 A period of chaos intervenes.
 Some say, then probably the angels lived
 Upon this earth, and flourished and rebelled.
 Some indications point that Lucifer,
 Now Satan, and his boon companions ruled,
 And instituted their envenomed cult.
 Prince of this world our gracious Lord has
 called him,
 As if of earth phenomenal possessor,

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

He and his horde. And if supplanted ever
By a new Race, bitter hostility
Thus is accounted for, with Adam's fall.
The Bible has been eloped unscientific,
Yet recent science reaffirms the truth
Of many of its statements rightly viewed.
For instance, light is spoken of, as first
Of things created. But how little ago,
This fact was ridiculed by scientists,
While now they are convinced and acquiesce.
Statements of scripture are misunderstood.
The Rainbow, which the uninstructed reader
Imagines was created since the flood,
Is proved, by sifting of the hebrew text,
Just —*constituted*— as a covenant,
Which quite eliminates the difficulty.
And relegates it from the realm of faith.
Thus quashing it at once. So Joshua,
In figurative language from the Book
Poetical, of Jasher, represents
The sun as standing still at his command,—
A mere phenomenon quite scientific.
Laws of refraction, without miracle,
Accomplished the supposed extension simply.
You know we say the sun both sets and rises,
And yet it don't. Just so metonymy
Plays havoc with the wonderful.

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

Jassoke'.

How shameless !
Drest in the vantage garb of holiness.
A wooden god—and not The God of Gods,
Is worthy of thee !

Anemon.

Oh, my Jassoket,
Surely you are too rude—too very rude.
Truth will redress itself.

Jassoket.

Shall I be mute,
And hear the facts of God's great Book assailed
Even by its sworn defenders ?

Dr. Dawn.

My dear Sir,
By the consensus of all christendom,
These principles of strict interpretation
Are well established. And can you confound
The hosts of theologians ?

Jaasoket.

You decry
God's Word as a plain narative of facts,
Stated concisely, without ostentation.

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

For the plain word and in its lieu you place
A false interpretation, substituting
Something you think more logical than truth,
And easier for the God of your imagination,
Who is no God at all.

Dr. Dawn.

But, my good Sir,
Do you not misconstrue my arguments ?
Things, palpably incomprehensible,
Apparently miraculous and new,
Through intimate converse with initial laws,
Become responsive to the nod of skill,
Facile, and easy of interpretation,
Filling the role completely.

Jassoket.

Haught and brave !
Such the perversity of reckless men.
Objects transcendent, high, immeasurable.
Themes, awful, veiled in dread, unsearchable ;
Are tossed about, mere baubles in their eyes.
The Great King is dishonored. His pure word
Turned into fable. Chance created them !
Endowed by Chance with salutary powers.
With life and all its exquisite emotions.
Worship no god but Nature ! Honor nought,
But Chance !

JASSOKET AND ANEMON,

Dr. Dawn.

Dear Sir, the inherent laws of matter——

Jassoket.

Sample me something that is understood,
Something in which the savants are at peace.
How diverse are the theories of light.
Is it an efflux or reverberation ?
Even the air we breathe, has never yet
Disclosed its salient essence, dropt its secrets
Around us, as a fruit tree fully shaken.
And what is sound ? A voice articulate,
In mystery clad, and can it be disrobed ?
God's simplest work, the very least in glory,
Defies the searchlight of proud arrogance.
Truth jeers above the fallen crests of pride.
Such is the phantom of false science. Mark me.
And thus repeatedly you obviate
The clutch of argument, and on a tangent
Escape.

Dr. Dawn.

My dear Sir, are you not severe ?

But poorly anger serves as argument.
Denunciation gratifies some qualm,
Or latent itch to dominate. Excuse me,
If I too speak a trifle somewhat plainly :

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

My purpose being to advocate the truth,
As I accept it—I, but one of many,
One of a great majority. You stand——
Must I say—— *solus* ?

Jassocet.

I am not offended.
Duplicity I hate. Truth, pungent, stern,
Commands my admiration. Whether for,
Or pitted 'gainst me. Now, I bluntly ask you,
Will you,—devoted to a sacred calling—
As an expounder of God's holy word,
Meet me in argument, direct and squarely,
Barred from side issues.

Dr. Dawn.

Certainly, dear Sir.
Most cheerfully—it is my heart's desire.
Have I not done so quite decidedly ?
Awaiting still your motion.

Jassocet.

Well, my Friend,——

Anemon.

Dear Jassocet—O I had quite forgotten
That Chipper the Geologist, politely
Expressed a wish for kindly audience,

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

This evening, if our leisure might but serve.
Now just returned from the Laurentian hills.
He brings a purse of specimens, and asks
The pleasure of exhibiting to us.

I named the cliff that overlooks the sea,
Beneath the old birches, as a favorite spot.
So, Gentlemen, permit me to propose,
That we at once adjourn—I think 'tis tea-time—
And after, if our learn'd Friend acquiesce,
He will go with us as my chaperon,
To meet our relative the Geologist.
And would it not be wisdom, to postpone
The questions that absorb you, my dear Friends,
Till by the cascade in the cedar clump,
We sit and talk, tomorrow afternoon.
For much I fear me, neither of you show
The gentle phase of genial argument.

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.



Scene 7 : Sea Shore, Under Old Birches. Starlight

Anemon.

Beside the Sea, on this bold cliff we wait.—
Oh, Jassoket ! how rich the silent heavens.
Mellow with glooms, engem'd with blazing studs
Planted amidst the banks of glowing dust.
Dust golden as if shaken from the plumes
Of mighty seraphs. But we know that dust—
Each particle—is a gigantic orb,
Ringed with its cortege of attendant worlds.
Oh ! I am speechless with astonishment,
Midst clueless labyrinths of admiration.
How marvellous our GOD !

Just now, while reading
Some legends of the Micmacs, here preserved
By Silas Rand, their sometime Missionary,
Who from them, in their Camps, not only learned
Their laaguage, but compiled laborious classbooks
And gave them many of the Sacred Writings,

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

In their own musical tongue, which he extols
As comprehensive noble and unique.
And now a problem—like a birchen skiff,
With Micmac, kneeling, dipping stealthily
A paddle that scarce drips—It asks solution.
The question, Jassoket, is this—and merely :
How does it hap, that our imaginings,
Not only ours, but that of all earth's tribes,
Delight in fictions, wild, improbable,
In transformations, transmutations startling.
Adventures—transpositions—lightning speed.
In prodigies and fabulous creations.
Yes: hordes of imps and deevs materialized.
Jassoket, what assoils it?

Jassoket.

The enigma——

Seems it not very plain, when we reflect
That we are waiters in a maze of marvels.
Dozing at threshold of a Hall of wonders.
Those myths are premonitions. Thaumaturgies
Await us midst interminable years :
Creations of a twinkling, constituted
Wonders forever. For the works of God
Are done in truth ; real and permanent.
Not baseless and illusory like those myths.

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

But hither comes our friend.

Anemon.

Ah cousin Chipper,
We're waiting for you—gladly welcome you,
In the round radiance of the white banked moon
Just risen full and clear. But Dr. Dawn,
My chaperon, he has not ventured forth.
Well, Jassoket seems seldom over courteous.
Really I think he scarcely relishes
Some sharp remonstrances. Now cousin Chipper
Heartily welcome to our lordly dome,
These grand aspiring birches.

Chipper.

Cousin, truly

I count it a great honor to be here.
But did not lug my sack of specimens,
Suspecting moonlight scarcely might affirm
The glory that is in them.

Jassoket.

You bring chippings
From the Laurentian chain. Some years ago,
I visited—but not to sample them—
Those interesting basic monuments,
Admiring God's great plan.

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

Chipper.

The oldest bed,
Of rock formation sedimentary,
A stern columnar stancheon of the globe.
Condensed, upheaved distorted crinkled cleft,
Through myriads of ages.

Jassoket.

Is that so ?

I have a Treatise old and singular,
A terse compendium of geology,
Which seems to differ from the general verdict
Of scientific men.

Chipper.

Dear Sir, you really
Possess a work that I have not discovered,
In my brief peeps amongst the sand hid lefts,
And physiological canyons. Whilst away,
I visited Niagara, and spent
Some days immured in thunders of its fall.
Watched the vast volume leaping from its ledge.
Dreamed, speculated on its grand old birth.
More than a century, you know, the men
Of science have been figuring its age.
Elliot computes it, thousands fifty-five,
In seventeen-ninety. Fifty years elapse,

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

Writes Lyell, it exceeds not thirty-five.
Woodward in eighty-six reduced the figures
To twelve millenniums. Still more recently
After learned arguments about the matter,
Gilbert computes those centuries sixty-seven.
Spencer comes forward now with measurements,
And valuations, making a recount,
Thirty-two thousand years, he thinks the limit,
And argues for a thousand years at least,
Ere a cascade was formed. The River drained
The Erie Basin. Lake Ontario
Subsided—and the Cataract resulted,
Formed gradually with resistless floods
Sweeping off soil and rock, ploughing a channel
Through the long ages to its throne of thunders.
And lustrums countless—yes five thousand years
This cataract may roar with little change.
What think you, Cousin, of this ?

Jassoket.

Well, if I differ
In some essentials, 'twill be scarcely gracious
To specify them. Doubtless there was much
To stimulate enquiry.

Chipper.

Very much.
Truly a peerless study and a pastime
To note those sights. Indeed a predilection

JASSOKET AND ANEMON,

For such pursuits possesses me. I'm restless,
Unless prospecting, culling specimens
Of plant and fossil, hints of vanished life,
Midst rocks and old formations. Lost in rambles
And speculations. Cousin Anemon,
What think you of geology ?

Anemon.

Really, Chipper,
'Tis grand—enchancing, a bewitching study.
What fun to have a romp amongst the hills !
Armed with a hammer, and a silken net
To bag my finds. Then strict analysis,
With apparatus, and assumptions proper,
Would fit the sequel nicely.

Chipper.

Yes ! you think
That we make guesses ? Well, I don't deny it.
Guesses are topmost—glowing. The substratum
Of fact lies far too deep. But never mind,
Conjecture woos us, pranked in garb of truth,
Even though astray. You, cousin Jassoket,
Seem reticent. I dearly love to learn.

Anemon.

And I'll play tutor ! Notice carefully,
These birches white, such towering noble trees.
Five, from a thicket all with snowy stems.

Each ermined princely. Garlanded with leaves
Choice cut, of loveliest green. From such the
Micmacs,
And Melaseets built gossamer canoes.
Felled the proud sachems and stript off the bark.
And now, absurdity—we dub it, science—
Would steal the jewel out of every marvel.
Oh, what temerity—what insolence,
To call those blissly things, mere drift of Chance !

Chipper.

Nay, Cousin—the exuberant power of Nature.
You certainly mistake the sentiment.

Anemon.

Do I ?—But I am Querist ! What is Nature ?
Excuse me—I have now, from Jassoket,
Acquired impertinence—maybe to rouse him !
Surely—ah Jassoket ! come to my aid—
Shall I be vanquished ?

Jassoket.

And you don't deserve it !
You know my sentiments are quite distasteful
To men of science. Then why should you wish
To treat with unappreciated views,
Even our courteous friends.

Chipper.

Nay Cousin, truly
This was the exciting nugget of my quest,
To see you and to hear. Not as a cynic ;
But as one anxious to participate
In the hale airing of a free discussion.
Yet only as a learner. I admire
Original conjectures, sparkling theories.
For much that we are taught, is soiled and rent,
And needs at least strong patchings--If the patch
Be spacious,—yes, particularly spacious.
This globe's a theorem, a puzzling knot
That cannot be untied.

Jassoket.

No- yet be severed
By keenest scymitar. And still a problem
Susceptible of solution. Can you think so ?

Chipper.

Somewhat I question it. But really this
The how and composition of its birth,
Its date and genesis, are not quite clear
To studious specialists : who even yet
Seem quite at sea. Midst tiresome computations,
Those sublime periods—presumably
With scarce a limit, yield, with all their threshing
No churlish grain of wheat. Sir, do you really
Accept this mighty indolence of creation,
As matter of fact ?

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

Jassoket.

Do you believe the Bible?

Chipper.

Yes! I believe it. 'Twas my father's treasure.
He lived—he died—exulting in its truth.
My mother loved its wells of consolation.
What, beauty, wisdom, majesty, attest
Its superhuman source!

Jassoket.

Yes, gift Divine.

Then you have redd it. Did you fail to notice
The manner of the miracles recorded?

Chipper.

To what distinctive trait do you refer?

Jassocet.

The manner—just the manner—Instantaneous.

Chipper.

I've noticed it. But hitherto it has not
Struck me as something specimentary
Of much that seems so puzzling and so deep.
Of great creative acts which baffle us.

Most of those works indeed were instantaneous.
When on the lake whelmed in the bursting storm
HE spoke—the winds were caught, the tumbling
waters

Knelt at His feet—no throb, no slightest motion.
Stilled in a twinkling. Yes, He spoke—'twas done!
This is suggestive. I must think it over.

Anemon.

Why falls it to my lot repeatedly
To shake, as with a cold blast, the glad tree
Of full blown converse. And the blossoms drop,
Swept by the kindest words that seem unkindly.
Yes, Gentlemen, regrets are out of tune.
Watch where I point—so far above the sea,
Floats the meek moon, silent and soft in lustre.
Charming the night to dreams, and rest rebuilding

May we not in the morning meet again—
This spot is pleasant? Cousin, fetch us then,
Values of your research: relics of fauna:
And vestiges of flora, vanished long.
Reluctantly—yet we must say—good night.

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.



Scene 7 : Sea Shore, Under White Birches. Morning

Anemon.

Friends, how you everjoy us, what a treat !
Yes, you, Dean Mist, and you, Professor Frost.
Thanks for this kind attention, Doctor Dawn.
We can forgive you the apparent slight
Last evening, since you thus invade our camp,
Bringing these Gentlemen. In early spring,
Oft flights of birds rise quite unheralded,
On the far sky, and with white wings and notes
Divert us. And we did not dream of them,
Till they were passing. So it seems today. —
What ? both decline to argue : will but listen.
Jassoket, guard yourself ! they hold in hiding,
Each of them a proud bomb for your confusion.
Impossible those bombs should turn to puff balls !
Jassoket, they design to catechise you.
Dare to deny—'tis peeping in your eyes ! ——
Ah, Chipper, you are late across the dews.
Here are three gentlemen ahead of you.

Place here your bag of treasures, gentle sir.
 Our courteous friends, dew sprent, regale us now,
 Fresh as the dawn, they cheer and clear and polish
 The steeled monotony of life. Indeed
 I ought not say so, for to me at least,
 No blur of a monotony exists.
 A bland spontaneous something, effortless.
 Fans me as with a stem of sweet wild roses
 And thankfulness, like young birds in their nest,
 Responds to Heaven.—O Chipper what success!
 Such industry, such fine discrimination.
 But Cousin did you dream we had a spectacle?
 Three Gentlemen accord us the great honor,
 To make our camp the scene of a dumb show.
 They listen to us, but will take no part,
 In a discussion——Only for the present——
 I feel it Gentlemen. Yes they admit it.——
 Now, cousin Chipper, we attend on you.

Chipper.

On this smooth stone I set the microscope,
 Will place the chips in situe for review,
 With slight remark. None of the specimens
 Are strang to you. This is the catalogue.
 These simple beat-offs from the mountain gorges,
 Of Eozoic ages, furnish sparcely
 The attitude of life. Yet, Cousin, see,
 Look at this Trilobite, so long extinct,

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

Anemon.

What eyes—oh such congeries of lenses !

Chipper.

Nature's first effort ! On this fragment, trace
The evidence of its toil. The tiny creature,
With its broad head plate and its many eyes,
Delved in the sedimentary deposits
Of the great seas. Midst myriads of toilers.
Possibly many that have left no trace.
Now have we other samples. But we pass them
For ores : gold, silver, copper, antimony
And many others. Yes, I always view them,
With admiration of the grand repleteness
Of Nature.

Jassoket.

I am pleased with your success.
Industry, Cousin, wins a fair reward.
Commendable. But when you speak of Nature,
What am I to infer ?

Chipper.

Well surely, Cousin,
These vestiges must fortify the issue
Geologists assume to be correct,
In reference to the gradual upbuilding
By Nature, as apparent in this globe.—
Void of the eager relish, some evince

For these and kindred toils, I own I am not ;
 Yet I demur to accept the misty basis
 On which so many speculations rest,
 Without some closer study, and the probe
 Of broader observation. Even then,
 The opportunity the time the space,
 Are lacking. I accede to thus much only,
 Of nature's theoretic genesis :
 Simply admit, that, being material,
 From vapors æriform incorporated,
 In vast but yet imbounded stellar spaces.
 Times most capacious, eons all uncronieled,
 Seem indispensable in their construction.
 Nor see I aught to battle this conclusion.
 All nature speaks it : watch the processes,
 Of seasons ; of the products of the earth.
 All seeds require their time to germinate.
 How gradually how statedly each springs.
 And passing through the intermediate stages,
 The flower, and last of all the ripened fruit.
 And so with animated nature. Each
 Is classified, with many individuals,
 Being controlled by laws invariant.
 No sudden change ; slight variations only,
 Each species bounded by its habitat,
 And tardily perfected.

Jassoket.

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

You believe, that God
Is the Creator of all worlds : Sole KING.
That when HE speaks—'tis DONE ? That

His glad Book,
Is true—the truth—and only light from Heaven ?

The Visitors all hastily arise..

—Oh, Gentlemen, what makes you in such haste ?
Can you not stay, and share in the discussion ?

They offer excuses and request single audience.

Certainly, since you wish it, I will meet you,
Each, at the times you mention.—I admit it :
The right of private judgment is most sacred.
Adieu then till we meet.

Anemon.

We thank you, Gentlemen,
Whilst sighing at your unexpected flight,
Like those swift birds I mentioned, you pass on,
Delighting other groups. Now come again.

They go.

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.



Scene 8 : Sea Shore, Under White Birches. Morning

Anemon.

O what expunged our guests ! I could but laugh
To see the Ritualist, the shrewd Professor,
And our good Rector also, very shy,
When God's high Book is mentioned. Really !
I said good morning, but could scarce repress
The mood, half jocular, that still outcrops,
When funny things occur. You, Chipper, surely
Are not averse to God's rich Book.

Chipper.

I love it.
Though much within its pages seems mysterious.
Nature's arcana also are too deep.

Jassoket.

And blissful that it is so : constituting
Proof how incontrovertible, that He,
Creator of such wonders, is Himself
Magnificent beyond the loftiest thought.

JASSOKET AND ANFMON.

Where is the grasp in human intellect,
With all its boast, to lift the obscuring veil,
Even from the smallest work of God. The secret
Thereto pertaining rests inviolate.

Chipper.

But must it thus remain? The prying quest,
The indagation due to sleepless nights,
Have proved effectual at many points.

Jassoket.

No pining vigils, no untiring zeal,
No ceaseless quest, no towering intellect,
But must be baffled.

Chipper.

Yet the alchemist,
Merged in the hazards of his treacherous art,
Combining, analyzing, skillful, patient,
Labels the elemental energies ;
Detects the inherent properties of each,
And separates whate'er is separable.
Astonishing discoveries reward him.
What terrible effects from combination !
Say, lifts he not the veil—if partially,
By chemical forces, by the application
Of his re-agents ?

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

Jassoket.

When the Great Creator
Called forth this globe, He loaded it with riches.
He formed the race of adam to possess it,
And consequently left him work to do.
He placed him in a garden, to enhance,
And tastefully record its joy and bounty.
Its bands of jocund birds, fruits, wafes of life,
All its swathed splendors to restrain and cherish.
And thence uplead the triumphs of the earth,
By toils—to be not toils but charming offices.
With the yoked elements to make the globe
A theatre of spacious kindliness,
Of beauty, of renown, of cheer repaying,
Of light and holiness. Transgression fawned :
Duped by the luring blandishment of lies,
That hour man doomed himself to drudgery,
To disappointment, to whate'er is hard,
Now the proud physicist, though quite at sea,
Ransacks both earth and nature, and attempts
The riddle of creation. How absurd.

Chipper.

Ah, Cousin, surely science is not vain.
Perhaps, thus purposely was nature left
To furnish motive for the mind and arm.

JASSOKET AND ANEMON,

Are not the hopeful embryos of life,
Embellished and matured by sedulous care.

Jassoket.

A suppliment of culture was decreed,
The stimulus of wise activity.
Nature comes forward, and delivers up
The treasures held in readiness. Reserved
As the reward of toil. We understand
The excellence of labor, and imagine
That all things bow to our shrewd apprehension.
But when it comes to the inspiring escence,
Who then can lay a finger on its tige ?
What eye can penetrate it ? Who can say
What is attraction simply ? What, cohesion ?
Or what, repulsion ? What is magnetism ?
What, electricity ? Or what is odor,
So subtle so etherial so pervading ?
And what is life ? These, simply in exhibit,
As potencies as verities sublime,
Are recognized by certain properties
Peculiar unto each. Who can go further ?
Of all the thousand things that exercise
Our care and vigilance repeatedly,
How ignorant are we of the radical core
And nucleus, reclused and locked forever.

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

Chipper.

Just so, and sound, what is its mode of action?
Are structurists agreed? They are not surely.
Some gravely claim it is by simple wavelets.
Others affirm it as an energy
Distinct and independent of such motion.
Philosophy would seem to need revision
In many of its long accepted views.
Some things indeed appear to be removed
From our intelligence. So high is nature
In its fixt laws beyond us.

Anemon.

When was law—
That law, the order which we now observe,
First instituted, or say, introduced
Amidst the concrete? Was it previous
To the first rudiments, while in suspension,
Impalpably diffused, or was it after?—
Oh I just paddle in philosophy
Around the fort of questioning, Please call it
A port of entry. Nothing contraband
Shall escape challenging!

Chipper.

I'll just believe it.
Well, Cousin, really, I must confess,

'Tis difficult to fix the time. The mode
Is now determined by close observation,
With some conjecture, and the strict appliance
Of overt fact.

Anemon.

And, Chipper, thus you think
A vast effused efflatus, competent
To form the astral systems. To evolve
Plannet and sun, with all implied provisions.
With the titanic energies. And fearful
Exhibits of the little globe we live in. ?

Chipper.

I think so.

Anemon.

On what ground, I beg to ask ?
Did God evoke things out of nothing, think you ?
Or were Material and Space eternal ?

Chipper.

Now have you got me in a corner, Cousin !
I do believe, that space and its containing,
Were all created by The Infinite,
The God of Israel, The KING Eternal.

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

Anemon.

Excuse me. And you yet believe The Bible;
Interpreting its record to your taste:
Eliminating its language most direct,
And substituting the apology
Of metaphoric glosses. Do you not
Percieve that this is doing violence
To the plain record, and dishonoring
The prophet and the prophecy of truth,
By theories, impossible, absurd?
Now for a moment ponder on the words
In which the holy rule is couched.

Chipper.

I notice

Those words can echo no uncertain meaning,
Nothing ambiguous—well, most direct.
Yet is it not a metaphoric form,
Susceptible of extended exegesis?

Anemon.

When we abandon the direct account,
And enter some domain of fond conjecture,
Are we not quite astray? I have indeed
Assumed the garb of staid interlocution,
Yes—being incompetent—excuse me kindly.
'Tis an infirmity of human nature.
And yet in its results, oft not unmixt

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

With various benefits : yes, much of good.
For who indeed is really competent
For any work however simple? Truly
Not best we are imperfect instruments,
Achieving but a little at the most.
But if there be allegiance to the Truth,
Excuses are less needed or implied.

Chipper.

Now Anemon, amidst our varied talks
On the deep teachings of the Holy Word,
And on its sage interpreters : while musing,
Sometimes I have been questioning myself,
What is a sign or marvel really?
And why suspended now? And were they ever
Governed by the inherent laws of matter?

Anemon.

If merely the evolvment of a law,
It could not be a miracle in fact.—
What constitutes your creed?

Chipper.

Few words suffice :
My creed is built upon the crag of reason.

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

I view this globe, so exquisitely filled
With a contriving skill, that fails not ever,
In greatest or in least. I watch the heavens ;
And lost in rapture and amazement, ask,
Can there be one so stupid, as to think,
Those objects selfcreated. Or existant
Eternally as thus. Fortuitous :
Mere work of chance !

Anemon.

Not as the work of chance,
But by inherent thrall. By imprimatur.
Or embriotic output. Some inception,
All outlined, to be filled in leisurely.
This is your code—alas ! — Now, Jassoket !

Jassoket.

Insin ! how blind how false is limping science.
The wisdom and the majesty Supreme,
Dazzling by outbursts, yet are not perceived.
The sacred Record, simply and most plainly
Explodes all vain and hobbling theories.
Yes ! by a single declaration dashes
Forever into fragments the false gods
Of human effort. God created all,
From nothing—by a word. Yes, by a word.

JASSOKET AND ANEMON,

Comman led—they arose in life and beauty
And perminence.

Chipper.

Do you not misconstrue
The Sacred Scroll? They rose not suddenly
With haste extreme, as we accept the word.
For who can think, that instantaneously,—
When we test carefully the course of nature,—
Chaos or any thing, was formed from nothing?

Jassoket.

Cousin, though seeming to withhold assent,
I know that you are loyal to the truth.
And honor the great Scripts that tell of God.
Creations marvellous we have not witnessed.
In the great future we shall learn—shall see—
The undrept majesty of our Creator.
God spoke—t'was done! Commanded—fast it
stood!

Such is the testimony of the Roll,
Narating a creation of the past.
And, my dear sir, just for a moment pause
O'er the prophetic tableau of the future.
How sudden strange and rapid pass the changes.
Incomprehensible—what awful splendor.

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

The dead saints rise, the living saints are changed
All in a moment. While the wicked swarms,
Rushing to kill the last remaining saints,
Burn with the earth—But swiftly rise again,
With all the wicked dead, and come to judgment !
While flaming Earth burnt to annihilation,
Has fled away and occupies no place.
Then, when the great decisions are revealed,
Behold a new earth ! Not the old earth purged.
But a vast glorious globe for the redeemed.
To which the City of Our God descends,
That choice work of the wonder making Builder.

Now, Chipper, when The Omnific King affirms,
That in six days He made the earth and heavens,
And all that in them is—will you believe
The absurd imaginations that deny it ?
The most impossible, contemptible,
And impious theories of physicists ?
A Great **KING** am I: saith The Lord of Hosts.

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.



Scene 9 : Casca le; Thicket of Cedars. Afternoon.

Enter Anemon, Vida, Dr. Dawn & Jassoket.

Dr. Dawn.

Amidst the cedars—ah, the cataract !
Friend Jassoket, do we not rest indebted
Hopelessly to the ladies? What enchantment.
How charming is the taste which thus selects.

Vida.

I too, dear Anemon, must praise your choice.
Under these balmy cedars, close embowering,
Steals the soft zephyr And the dashing rill,
The mimic cataract diffuses coolness.
Dispensing music soft, monotonous,
But ever grateful.

Anemon.

Now, kind Friends, thus seated,
Proceed with your discussion—earnestly.
Vida and me are umpires self assumed.
And our decision, stern, but not disclosed,

Is not the less to be escaped—remember !
So let keen arguments be duly parried,
As in a feint and practice of light arms.
Sparkle—but wound not.

Dr. Dawn.

We are sensitive,
Dear Lady, and a little warmth, besprent
With the cool dews of this inspiring nook,
Will scarcely harm us. Now, friend Jassoket,
My word for it, I shall not stint nor spare
To cleave your arguments, or pinion them,
If my good rapier fail not.

Jassoket.

Well, good Sir,
Proceed : it is the frequent lot of error,
To boast and then be vanquished.

Dr. Dawn.

That's prophetic !
I stand on the sound plank of fixt opinion.
The basis of philosophy and reason.
With the concurrence of the masters all,
Of science, of divinity. No divergence
Occurs throughout the sphere to be explored,

From the most sacred Record, duly balanced,
 With those close verdicts. In bald majesty,
 Harmonious with the grandest of all themes,
 Opens the sacred Book. A few broad strokes
 Limns the progeessive stages of the work
 Through countless ages. Traits characteristic,
 Shading impenetrable mysteries
 With picture settings—overlooked by some :
 A popular misapprehension. Ages
 Indefinite and monstrous, are termed days,
 Preserving the similetudes, of night,
 And morning. Obvious familiar measures
 Of times. A day is used in every language,
 For perio ls of duration, long or short.
 Thus the two records prove coincident.
 The records of the Book and of geology,
 In close agreement, as is now confest.
 Throughout long periods of activity,
 Broad nature was elaborated slowly.
 Great epic of creation ! how sublime
 In figurative glory it is couched.
 Enquirers, be they candid, consciencious,
 Must rest in faith, appeased. And confident
 That myriads of ages were engrossed
 In God's creation.

Jassoket.

When The Great Eternal,

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

In awful majesty, amidst the crash
Of shivering thunders and fierce leaping fires—
Midst rolling smoke and the dread trumpet peal
Spoke to the quaking hosts of Israel.
In the announcement of that fiery law,
Used He a language plainly understood;
Simple, concise, no ambiguity?
Or was it veiled in metaphor, and needing
Expounding glosses?

Dr. Dawn.

Freely I admit
The Ten Commandments seem so terse, so plain.
Very much comment certainly is precluded,
At least in the obligations.

Jassoket.

Can you think,
The HOLY ONE, to those assembled hosts,
Would emphasize a work by proclamation,
Which He performed not?

Dr. Dawn.

May I ask, What work?

Jassoket.

Must we refer you to the testimony?

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

Now, Vida, kindly favor us by reading
The Ten Commandments.—Yes, in Exodus.

Vida.

The twentieth I think, if I mistake not.
Now—shall I read the whole, or sections only?

Jassoket.

Part of the chapter—to the nineteenth verse
Inclusive, is sufficient for our purpose.

Vida reads to twentieth verse.

Please slowly read again—ninth—tenth—eleventh.

Now, Vida, simply tell us your impression.

Just how you understand the sacred text.

I mean in reference to those days; what were they?

Veda.

Days, Sir, precisely equaling in length

The days of that same week when God promulged

These holy words from awful Sinai.

Impossible those quaking hosts could think them

Other than just such days from eve to eve.

Who could dream otherwise?

Dr. Dawn.

My dear young Friend,

The grave consensus of matured opinion,

Falls not in line with yours.

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

Vida.

Yet, reverend Sir,
I said just what I think—That's simply all.
Let the elaborate tutelage of science,
Announce its dictum as it please. That Law,
By God was given in words most plain, to people
Who understood plain words. Impossible
That God could lie, or by metonymy
Say *days* with unmistakable distinctness,
And mean vast periods and not days at all.
But what about the day on which God rested ?
Could that seventh day be diverse from the others?
Each of those days, all seven, were they not equal ?
Asuredly they differed not one moment !
Now I remember that another scripture
Says, "Rested and was Refreshed." How could
God need
Rest and refreshing, if vast periods
Of merest—tardiest—activity,
Requiring very little supervision,
Had snailpaced far the dim bleak glebes of time,
Till nature, proud, self moulded and complete,
Bore bird and beast, looked lofty with its men.
As we behold it now—or nearly so ?
Why the mere supposition is perverse !
Disastrous as a wild hallucination.

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

And men deemed rational accord and crouch !

Jassoket.

Sir, are you answered now ? If blushing youth
Notice the rancorous incongruity,
And specious glosses of the vaunted cult,
Is it not time the sacred Book of God
Recieved a scrupulous interpretation,
Comprised by principles of common sense ?
Let soaring intellect kneel low. Let pride
Tremble and wonder. Lo He speaks, 'Tis done !
Estates Dominions Orders pledge Him HIGH.
Deviser exquisite, magnific Donor
Of nature, life and law.

Dr. Dawn.

Friend Jassoket,
Staunch here I stand, all unconvinced behold me,
Backed by the many in accord. On me
Your arguments slide off, like driving hail
Spent on a mountain crag. They shake me not.

Anemon.

Dear Friends, the twilight being the time
appealed,
In which I think Professor Frost designs
To electrify us with some propositions,

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

And trounce our aberrant views. Were it not well
To have a brief siesta. And collation
A little previously? Especially,
As we conjecture, shrewd may be the thrusts
Of his potential poiniard forged of facts,
Quite tantamount to weapons of true steel,
Tempered in metaphor, high wrought and pliant.

Vila.

The shrubbery you said would be illumined
For the occasion, did you not?

Anemon.

I did.

Yes we will emphasize it by display
Of oriental lanterns of stray colors.
I call them hues estray, for they beseem not
The tender glooms and stars serene in splendor,
Differing in hue so very slightly. Vida,
How strange it seems we are so fond of contrast
And gaudy ornaments—and yet it is not.
For see what gorgeous flowers, in countless
patterns,
What myriads of differing leaves and stems!
And each one dipt in beauty, God has showered
On all this marvellous globe so rich so charming.

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.



Scene 10. A Shrubbery, Illumed. Evening.
Delia and Vida, Having arranged the lanterns.

Delia.

Now nicely placed are all. Vida, your cheeks
Are hot and all aglow. Nimble were we!
And here hies Anemon.

Anemon.

Oh Nymphs—superb!
All tastily arranged—I am delighted,
Those mimic globes of variagated colors,
Pendent amidst the branches, interspersed
Amongst the green leaves and tufts of trailing bloom
Matchless in natal charms. While yet the glome
Just lisps the hush of sunset sweet and faint.
But while we loiter here our guests approach,
See—in a group—and Jassoket is leading
To the stone slab under the locust tree.

Vida.

Shall we withdraw? Some standing, others sit.
There are Dean Mist Professor Frost and Chipper

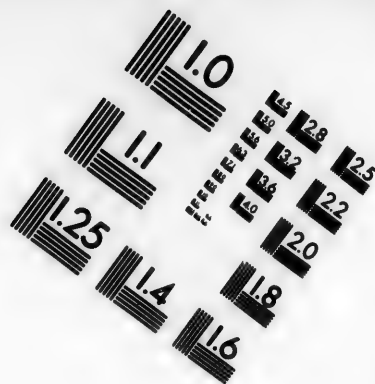
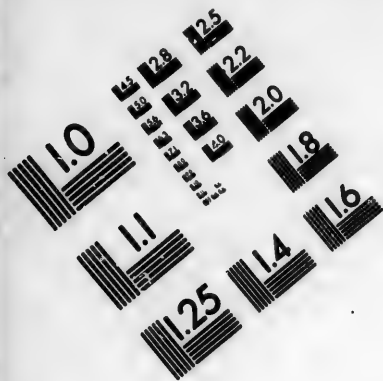
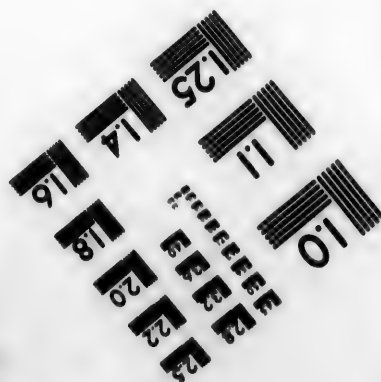
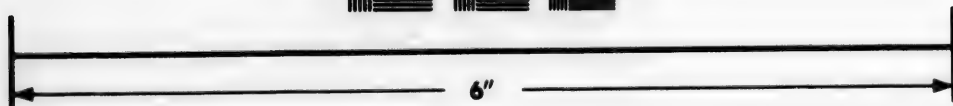
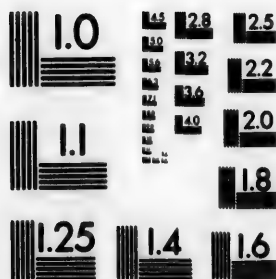


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And Doctor Dawn also is prominent.
Why seem they eager to crave audience
With Jassoket ?

Anemon.

Dear Vida, not because
They reverence his opinions. It is merely
Due to this simple reason : They declaim
And seek to overthrow his arguments.
Pretending that they think them dangerous,
At conflict with the basic syllabus,
Which they account foundation principles
Of the recieved philosophy.

Vida.

But surely——

Anemon.

Dear Vida, truth is bright, but shadow plumed.
And aspects differing cause diversity
In what is apprehended. Even sincerity
Itself may be a source of difference,
In those who evidently seek for facts.
Then add the prejudice of early training,
And the outcropping is no longer strange,
But falls in line of sheer necessity.

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

We will advance. It is our privilege
To listen to the arguments and learn,
Whatever be the topic. Notwithstanding,
Discourteous we will not be to disturb them,
But in the alcove, screened and silently
Listen to old antagonistic views,
And caustic comments. If indeed there prove
Some earnestness in their contention.

Delia.

Fear you,
Dear Anemon, they may so far forget
All deferent politeness, as to press,
In hot or bitter mood, conflicting views?

Anemon.

Yes—but I hope not. Though I know indeed,
That Jassoket is earnest, and at times
Rebukes the arrogance that plants itself
Against the plain words of the Holy book.
And may again. Ah, Sacal—it is he.
He joins the group. The lists are now complete!
Come girls—the alcove. Quick will we be there.
They pass along to an alcove near the stone seat.
Here let us wait.

Vida.

What soft o'erhanging glooms,
Besprent with fairy lights midst climbing flowers,

Whose fragrance is a solace. Sacal spies us.
Hither he comes !

Anemon.

Now Sacal, you are welcome.
Quietly sit beside us. We design
To offer no intrusion, for the present.
But when the colloquy has been concluded,
How charming then come your discoveries :
For we are gay, and not fastidious.—

Prof. Frost.

I understand you perfectly, as saying,
You wish a terse synopsis of my views
Of sundry statements made in Genesis.
Well Sir, concisely, pointedly I answer,
I con with scientific deference,
The enigmas introductory of that book.
The underlying strata of true science,
Are quite immovable. So we maintain
That periods are spoken of as days,
That Nature, co-extensive and coeval
With periods immense, was slowly moulded.
That when, for instance we are told : God said :
Let there be light. He did not at that time
Create it. But then slowly passed away
The mists that hid the sun. Assuredly

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

God simply wills a thing. He does not speak.
He is said to speak—that we may understand.
He simply *wills it* — cons pass — 'tis done!

Jassoket.

You say God does not speak. I beg to know
The likeness and the image in which Adam
Became a man.

Prof. Frost.

Anthropomorphite, Sir,
I hesitate to call you. Who imagines
The Invisible God to have a sensile form?
Man was created in His rational image,
In righteousness and in true holiness.
Surely you cannot for a moment think
A spiritual essence to have form,
And human form, with fingers and with mouth,
And the etceteras? Preposterous!
Those words express mere tantamounts.

They serve
To pose the Invisible within the range
Of finite comprehension, by the use
Of figurative substitutes. Implying
The paucity of language to convey
The merest transcript to our ardent quest.

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

Jassoket.

Well, Sir, I list with unrestrained contempt
To statements vain, dishonoring, perverse !
To transcendent bubbles—yes, mere foam.
Such mistifying foibles, false at core.
Distempered dreams. O fine theosophy !
It aims to stilt lame Reason on a pylon.
Dizzy it reels—'tis doomed—it bites the rock.
There let it lie, spurned trodden in the dust.
Mark, Sir, 'tis written in the Roll of Truth :
Let us make man, GOD SAID, in our own image.
And he was moulded in the likeness glorious
Of Christ the loving Man who talked with him ;
Of Christ the IMAGE OF THE INVISIBLE.
Made thus the exponent of His likeness, wholly
In body, soul and spirit. Did the Maker
Not talk with Adam face to face, and parley
With questionings and joyous sympathy.
Yet arguing, you dare audaciously
To say the Eternal One is void of form ;
Ponders midst slow decrees, but never speaks !

Prof. Frost.

Good Sir, ought I indeed suppress surprise,
That you—that you, can set at nought decisions
Of minds titanic, of distinguished churchmen,

JASSOKET AND ANFMON.

Men of most subtile parts, profound of thought.
And their opinions irrefutable,
Who shall condemn? But I refrain to argue,
Since it avails not. Also you dispute
Earth's scientific genesis as well?

Jassoket.

Yes, rest assured I hold the truth most sacred
That notes the age of Adam when he died.
And I expand not to indefinite cycles
The six days of creation.

Prof. Frost.

Be advised.

There is a mystery in all those matters.
Have you a plummet and a line sufficient?
Will you account for the extinct creations,
Those ancient organisms, fossils, growths,
Of all the geologic periods,
Where page on page, responsive to the changes,
Strangely embalmed, in perpetuity,
Refutes the ignorance that would abridge
The romance of creation. Yes! subtend
A line of demarkation. And cut off
The illimitable ages which went by,
With the inscrutable dole of centuries.

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

The hieroglyphic record of a past,
Adverse beyond conception.

Jassoket.

I have learned,
That to the intellect, however trained,
'Tis still how very foreign, to admit
A possibility that the things we see,
Have been created, absolutely, simply,
And instantaneously. Ah, this transcends us.
We can believe that something once existed,
Lived and exhibited peculiar traits,
If we can find a skeleton, or rouse
A bone a vestige, or unearth a tooth—
But that a new creation introduced
New elemental principles in nature;
This we will never credit—nor admit
Its possibility—yes, flatly challenge
The barren supposition. You deny it?
Do so—but it remains a stubborn fact.
I positively charge, that the assumptions,
And vague deductions from the vestiges
Unearthed, are altogether insufficient
To fix the periods of their overthrow,
Or bound their habitat.

Prof. Frost.

Well Sir, why not?

What is there of more sterling proof than the
Are they not fossils of prodigious creatures
That filled the globe?

Jassoket.

Filled it? This globe was never
Sprinkled like sands with monstrous organisms.

Prof. Frost.

Facts are against you—sun-dry cataclysms,
Changes requiring myriads of years.
These have occurred, must we not classify them?

Jassoket.

Yes—And how less than little do we know!
The aparent is not evermore the real.
What wonders of creative life accost us,
At every step, and we accept them not.

Chipper.

Life is a delegation and a gift.
A fund created, a Divine supply.



JASSOKET AND ANEMON.



*Scene 11. A Shrubbery, Illumed. Evening.
Delia, Vida, Anemon, and the Gentlemen.*

Dr. Dawn.

How happens it we have ignored the Ladies?
So much we owe them—Oh forgive us kindly.
Here are our two sweet girls and honored friend.
And we have placed them in oblivion.
Ladies, come forward please—you will delight us
And Sakal too. Excuse me, but I tire
Of this contention. Though we argue much,
Who is convinced? Alas, our simple say-so
Is profitless and powerless.

Anemon.

That's quite true.
And Sakal will, I think, irradiate
Some points in our philosophy, and charm us
With dreams that have a moral. Will you not?

Sakal.

Dear Ladies—you and only you—alas,
'Twill be but trespassing—you will not like it.

Vida.

Oh yes we will—I shall, and with such glee!

Delia.

We shall be charmed instructed, Sakal, grandly.

Anemon.

Yes, haply illustrate our expositions.
Refreshing as an interlude of music.

Dr. Dawn.

By way of counterpoise and relaxation,
Variety is needful and exhilarant.
You're not ungallant to refuse the ladies ?

Vida.

Sakal, we are all ears. Yes, expectation
On tiptoe waits.

Sakal.

Though I accede, remember
'Tis only at the instance of the Ladies,
And maybe not amusing as you think.

Rambling one noon, aweary I was sitting
On a blue crag beneath wild cliffs that frowned,
Under a tree—'twas dry, but climbed by vines,
Pofuse of leaves, and yet without a blossom.
As I sat ravelling the perversity
Of human nature : and the pedigree
Mysterious, of some things : A long train
Rolled on before my sight,—Do you suppose,
Ladies, such things can happen—merely happen ?

Vida.

Ah, Sakal, we all yield to happenings.

Delia.

We call it fortune—sometimes, Providence.

Anemon.

For we are blear eyed, and percieve but dimly.

Sakal.

And you conclude mysterious things can happen,
And nothing of it ? I presume it is so.
For quite unconsciously I dropt asleep.
And as I slept, some one—perhaps a phantom,
Touched me with silver wand and said : up ! up !

Great musterings on the hill, strange spectacles,
Pageant and pantomime and carnival !
Prince of the powers of air has summoned it.
Let us be going. But I answered him:
Is not that mountain belching forth thick fumes,
With soot and ashes ? Quickly he replied :
So 'twas indeed. But now those fires are quiet.

We went. But, Ladies, judge of my amazement.
On mountain top—a dizzy height—we dropt.
That sight ! my creeping hair stood up, it froze me.
I see it ! and each hair repels its fellow,
Even now. You wont believe me—in that crater,
The very cup that holds the molten lava,
Cooled and yet sputtering with nascent fires,
Lay a great pile of maimed and quivering victims
High over them, on nine fierce dragons throned,
Sat a grim Monster, crowned with hissing snakes
In glittering braid with livid brandished tongues.
Perched on that wreath black wings a vulture flapt
His chair was iron, white with glowing heat.
A scourge of cobras nine his sceptre topt.

Now as two mermen two great seashells blew,
To the masked carnival what musterings !
From thick fogs issuing, rise horrible
Grandees of hell. Mounted on flying dragon

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

See those stern battle kings in fiery fray.
Hark to the din of shields and savage thrusts
Of spears and slashing swords. The combatants
Frantic with fury charge. At every onset
Nods the grim Monster from his iron seat.
Shakes his black sceptre with the cobras nine,
And chiefs and dragons roll convulsed in dust.
Soon with wild uproar victory is won.
The victors carry off their prisoners bound. —
Just now the sky was black with them——

Where are they ?

Vida.

What, quick as that ? Ah there was witchery.
But that's not startling mongst the horribles.

Delia.

Sacal, what next ? Pardon the interruption.
We like the rare and terrible—but only
In halls of old phantasmagoria.

Sacal.

Have you not sometimes suffered disappointment
Sweet Girls ? It may so happen now. My dream
Falls under outlines of sad history.
And tragic scenes which have a fearful basis,
May not be pleasant to you. Only look !
O see you not yon purple cloud ? Look, look ,

JASSOKET AND ANEMON,

What myrmedons like showers of hail are blown,
For mimic scenes from the black dens of hell.
Ho there—'tis Jaggernaut : the dust, the noise.
High perched in chariot, huge they urge him on,
Crowds hemming crowds attracted and propense,
Surround and choke his car—but it moves on.
And those preceding him, deluded swarms,
And those that follow after him, how sad,
In rayless blindness and fixt ignorance,
Unhesitating confidence of lies,
The stulted dread fatuity of bale——
Alas, the very drunkenness of hell !
Fall prone before this dumb and senseless god.
Flinging, poor devotees, their wretched lives,
In a wild hour of mad enthusiasm,
Before the horrid idol's murderous wheels.
Crushed—to attain supreme felicity.

Now the throned Demon nods and shakes his staff,
His coronet of hissing serpents swells.
And the scene changes. Dear Girls, could you see
That queer tableau ! What has befallen the Race ?
The world is turned to Liliputs by titans,
A marvellous brood of Giants. There they stalk.
Brutal, impetuous, ruthless—evil only.
Raiding the globe, and sparing but the wicked.

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

The music of the earth expires in wails.
Its hope and gladness whisper in the caverns.
The trophies won by long and patient toil.
The stately edifice, the charming villa.
Structures of grandeur, and the lowly cot,
With all their gladness vanish as an iris.
The earth becomes a den, and few escape.
The wisdom of those early wondrous men,
The full years given to study and research,
By those first vigorous sages. Unto whom,
Long centuries of youthful prime were granted.
Those mighty masters who before the Flood,
Were kings in science, and contrivers rare
Of arts perhaps not duplicated yet. —
They vanish and their knowledge leaves a glory,
Like a faint sunset purpling in a cloud.
Alas, the grand traditions of the Race
So young, so buoyant, and so full of wealth,
Sated with splendor of attainments vast—
Even subsequently to its first sad fall;
Was thus obliterated and made void,
By evil that bespoke its own dread doom,

Dr. Dawn.

Your visions seem phenomenal. Why really,
There must be method in those sly excursions
On the broad pinions of imagination.

Sakal.

My dreams are for the Ladies only, Sir.
What if indeed they prove contemplative ?
Or even hazardous on application
To some dry figment of the rationalist ?——
But possibly the Girls would like them ended.

Vida.

Oh no—why Sakal, we are so delighted—
Fairly enamored with the panorama.
With its wild fantasy—though horrible.

Delia.

Yes, that weird vision of the carnival,
Fairly enchants us. O you must proceed.

Chipper.

Might I extend a wish, or dare a maxim :
I would just intimate, with scarce a word,
That amiable loveliness enriches
Even the beholder, and ennobles all
Who move amidst its sacred influence.
This we are pleased to learn and proud to prove.

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.



*Scene 12. A Shrubbery, Illumed. Evening.
Delia, Vida, Anemon, and the Gentlemen.*

Anemon.

Sakal, the Girls are loyal. — I too ask
A little breaking up of that cold crust,
That shuts the wellspring of high nature from us.
The frozen river of our contemplations,
Needs something more than a meek how-d-ye-do
More than the glancing beams of admiration ;
Needs the sharp action of some weighty truth,
To crack the ice and set the stream afflow.
Even your wild spectral flights may help indeed.
And, Doctor Dawn, is it improbable,
That ruthless demons, who delight in evil,
May not themselves hold sports and pantomimes?
Think of the wild buffoonery and pranks
Of giddy mortals, and the lawless deeds,
Their mischief and low fun, led on by devils.

Sakal.

Well, my kind Friends, even if 'tis flattery,
Who could resist it from such lips—so charming?
And you shall hear it. But those Gentlemen,
Will kindly hold their sapience in abayance.
I cannot pause to analyze their strictures.

Anon the horrible Demon, the fierce monster,
Bid the two mermen sound the sea shells loud.
Stamp, startling the red dragons under him.
Scaring the vulture perched upon his crown.
Flourished his sceptre with the cobras nine.
When lo, a legion of fierce sateless devils,
Came dragging—but in speechless mimicry,
Racks manacles chains stakes and faggots many,
And dungeons—yes, the jailers and the inmates.
——I dare not show you all—only a little.——
Notice the cells and those fast lodged in them.
Surely not history—this must be fiction!—
Who dare place men in dens so foul and fetid?
What have they done to be traduced and banned?
Torn limb from limb and grieved by many tortures?
Look and not shudder! Yes, the worst in H. '1—
If there be worst, alone could furnish forth

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

Such instruments of torture, and inspire
Those human fiends to love the awful charge
Of tortures exquisite and nameless horrors.
What is their crime that they are outraged thus ?
On yon red dragon mounted sits a horseman,
Begemmed and robed in scarlet, tripple crowned,
Bearing a flag inscribed : "Fall down and worship
No worshipers but mine shall walk the earth !"
Ah that's the score the sum of their offending.
'Prepare the pyres the stakes—away with them !'
Thunders the furious dragon-mounted god.
And lo the piles as countless torches lighted,
Like fireflies sparkling all a summer night.
But these illume broad day—is the day dark ?
Paintings of demons in presumed employ,
Figure their robes—they enter—they are chained.
They vanish midst the flames. Terific smiles
Satan, and cheers his dragon-mounted god,
Beckons him and approves with high raised staff.

A varied entertainment now proceeds.
Shows of idolatrous temples and their priests.
Their gods of wood of stone of beasts of reptiles.
Their boast and baseness in variety.
Mid st the great hubbub, fortunetellers, wizards.

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

Charmers and thaumaturgies of the East.
And there in circles closed, with tapers dim,
Wait spiritists for commerce with the dead.
Stir not—materialized they come—shake hands,
Leave them white lippt, and slylie disappear.
Suddenly, at a signal from the Demon,
Those mermen's shells swept off the carnival,
Midst lurid flashes mutterings and thick fog.

Delia.

And that completes the drama—Is it so?

Anemon.

Sakal, we are so much indebted to you
For this strange entertainment. Which we think
Instructive, though most terrible and sad.

Vida.

And this concludes the drama? I can't think so.
The scene dissolves—The program's incomplete,
There must be more. Sakal, oh gratify us!

Sakal.

My audience of sweet Girls, it seems too bad
To entertain you with ungenial themes.
But so it happens. And as hummingbirds

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

Dip deep in the wild flowers, avoid the briars,
And sip the richest honey,— so may you.

The Exposition of the black abyss,
Had vanished with its mimicry. When lo,
Arose a spacious amphitheatre.
High on a throne superb, in regal state,
Supported by a phalanx on tall spears,
Sat the Arch Tyrant, now transformed and bland.
With solemn pomp. Loud, vested heralds blow.
And all the gods satanic—a great herd,
Covering the ages—with their symbols, sat
Advanced and high in conclave palatine.
And now by proclamation all is hushed.
While the Arch Demon bold and proudly vaunts

“ Gods and invincible legions, mighty chiefs,
Who aided me to make this globe a ruin.
Proofs of my wisdom and sagacity,
Have not been lacking. With consummate guile
I emptied Paradise, I stole its treasure.
I smote the earth, in all its pristine glory,
With a dread curse. You are assured that nothing
Escaped *two* terrible catastrophies.
Such trophies I have won ! And now, sweet friends
Our masterpiece of statecraft, our dear offspring,

Born in our olden Babylonish Fanes,
 Must not be jeopard'd I, I have summoned you,
 That we may arbitrate what new departure
 Shall celebrate your valour. Now prepare.
 Our rule must not be shaken by the Truth.
 That Book—the Book of God—is our grand foe
 Stacks of it we have burnt—and yet it lives.
 Now we must chain it, or corrupt its teachings.
 Hark! foil its teachers, puzzle them hoodwink them
 Have we not done it often and securely?
 Silenced and bled and burnt them. You remember
 The music of their tortures. How you gloated,
 Winked and exhilarated, as the flames
 Fed on them. And although you lost the victims,
 You pickt the bones of those who lit the fires—
 Choice fat ones—what sweet titbits for your teeth!
 Stern leaders, gods, and potentates of Hell,
 What counsel ye? Be up! arouse your cunning
 For this emergency.

Then one arose

Amidst the hush, and said:

O Lucifer,

Millions of loyal fiends are at your beck,
 And we, though gods of old and dominators,
 Prefer to rest the hazard of this crisis,
 On thee the king of all the legions lapsed.

He ceased, and mingled voices raised acclaim,
Some echoing moments. Then the Archfiend said:

Leaders and warring gods, on me devolves
By ancient right the ordering of your councils.
Ye bow to me as the supreme dictator.
Nor unprovided shall you find me now.
Think you it was by accident, those grave
And honest Theologians, who revised
The Book of our Great Enemy, cast in
Additional words? The *is* was made *that is*.
You recollect the passage—being familiar
With the old transcripts. Both words, as you know
Are supplementary. But the last supplies
Full licence—mark—to question the whole Book
Yes, every word of it! Admire my wisdom!

Such clappings stampings and such stuning yells,
Laughter and cries of—hear!

The Fiend went on :

Yes, my brave legions, stealthily we caught them
What latitude to “higher criticism!”
The jots and tittles—just the quags we dread—
Are clean swept off. And now—I scorn to boast—
But mark me—I’m not napping when I show you,
Systems of all philosophies; the various
Synopses, creeds and mysteries of religion——

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

The Bible is despised—full half of it—
Yes, such religion ! born in universities,
Proclaimed in pulpits. popular, applauded —
'Tis wormed and mined by me with slurs and lies,
And only waits one spark for an explosion.
Light is our enemy. Obscurity
Is a grand engine which we work to purpose.
Many are my fast friends—I just peep in—
Need not some new enlisted energy—
I nudge them, wink and slyly close the door.
Just in the dark ! Like the sea serpent, I
By silly folk am held to be a myth.
But that Leviathan, in Behring Sea,
King of the ocean monsters, has his play-ground—
Ay scores of them exhibit force mythic,
And fatten there on whales Their coils can crush
Even the monsters. Hundreds of sleek yards,
Encircle them with ease most terrible.
What an embrace ! Is it like mine, sweet friends ? »

While giggles shouts and thunders of applause,
Greeted the old Destroyer—Suddenly
I waked, and it was raining. Heavy drops
From the dry tree were falling on my face.
As I sprang up, a peal of rattling thunder
Shook the deep hills, and linked red lightnings
leaped.

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.



Scene 13. A Promontory. Forest Trees.
Fallen column. Anemon, Vida, Delia, Inez. Noon.

Anemon.

Our theologians very much remind me
Of an occurrence in the olden time.

Delia.

Something that happened to the Israelites?

Inez.

Sin intervened amidst their tutelage.
Strange incidents occurred. But was it they?

Vida.

I recollect they served the Canaanites:
For they had sinned—and sin implies defeat.

Anemon.

No single artisan was left amongst them,
But every implement was carried down
To blacksmiths of the Canaanites, to hammer,
To weld, to mend, to grind. So we just now,
Are at the mercy of the Scientists,
Who stultify the word of God. And frighten
The best of us—Yes bang us hip and thigh,
With the base club of infidelity.

And is there one—even one who dare defy them?

Inez.

Are they so weak—to tremble for the truth!

Anemon.

They tremble rather for their reputation :
Yet scarcely that—for they are stupified.
Chained to a philosophic Jaggernaut,
Or rather to the priests who worship it.

Delia

Ah that reminds me much of Sakal's fancies,
And his extravagant romanticisms.

Vila.

Well cousin Anemon, it seems to me,
If I were a divine I would not dare
To muffle God's clear word by any science.

Anemon.

But they are baffled and intoxicated
With the strong drink of premature deduction,
Palmed off as patent and substantial facts.
Great sheaves of causes thus they unify,
Efficiencies The Mighty One ordained
In multitudes—the hidden energies.
Of which are we not ignorant as the trees
Shading these vestiges of other days ?

Vida.

Dear Anemon, how magical is the past !
These squared and broken stones, thus overgrown
These oaks and birches gray, and vinehid trunks,
Seem centinels of mystery. What naratives
Of noise, of work, of life, of death, lie here,
Dumb and forever. Ages have walked by,
Looked on and frowned. Though Action seemed
gigantic,
How mute lipt now ! It peeps not, but is hovered
By dark winged days. How absolute is time ;
Ah who can deprecate it ? Slow—but swift.

Anemon.

Swift ? it outflashes light—even thought comes
lagging.
Infinitesimal, how stern—how tireless !
Why its minutest mite may grasp an age,
And crumble into acts. How can it be ?
Amazing—oh, stupendous beyond thought !
Futile all effort. But wrapt up in God,
Rest its live issues.

Delia.

Anemon, indeed
I would not care to listen to the tale
Of much that's happened here. 'Twould be a story
To make one shudder.

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

Vida.

Yonder they are coming.
Professor Frost, and—yes the Dean is with him.

Inez.

And by the gray rock, Jassoket now joins them.
Hither they come conversing.

Anemon.

Gentlemen,

Most welcome to our regal sylvan sanctum :
These old and famous trees, this fallen fortress.

Prof. Frost.

Though its memorial has perished long,
Who knows but it still lingers in these ruins,
And some strange day may whisper from the dust?
Kind Lady, we accept your courtesy,
With flowing thanks. And pleased participate
The grateful coolness underneath these trees.
I speak for all—our friends seem much engaged.

Delia.

They seem absorbed, they scarcely notice us.
We miss the courtly phiz of Doctor Dawn.

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

Dean Mist.

Am I not loyal to the rubric, Sir ?
Leaning with others to observances
Traditional—illumed and copied largely
From the rich roll of our magnific Mother,
The ancient Church.

Jassoket.

Ah, reverend Sir, do I
Distinctly understand you ? Do you call
That ghastly Mystery, magnific Mother ?
Even copying her infamous confessional ?
Surely you do not !

Dean Mist.

Well, "Lead kindly light."
Thus Newman sang. And then he followed it
Into the bosom of the holy Church.

Jassoket.

A marsh light, Sir ! It led him thro' the swamps,
Into the Mystery of Iniquity,
To Babylon the Great. Had he but followed
The Book of God, which is the only light
Sent down from Heaven, no *kindly* bog-light, thus
Had lost him in the mire.

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

Dean Mist.

We hold tradition
As the most certain element of light.
Is it not written of Peter: On this rock
I build my church, and never shall the gates
Of hell prevail against it. Now we see
The holy Pontiff in direct succession
From this Apostle. Can you parry that?

Jassoket.

Successors——apostolic——is it so?
Look for a moment at their dogmas, Sir,
And by their fruits award their status frankly.
Note their stale traffic in indulgences,
With the assumption of remissive power.
A fiery falsehood is their absolution.
False at their own best showing. The poor culprit,
After receiving priestly pardon, passes,
Not into Heaven—but purgatorial hell!
Yes, after absolution from his sins,
With hierarchal pardon in his hand,
Must welter in the torments of the dammed!
How long? how long? Ah, only not forever!

Dean Mist.

And needs not erring nature to be purged,
By penance and those purifying flames,
Ere made possessor of serene repose?

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

Jassoket.

Whom Jesus Christ forgives and reconciles,
Them He consigns not to a burning hell,
But takes them up to Heaven, renewed and owned
Sons of His Father and joint heirs with Him.
What blissful grace and glory crown the truth!

Dean Mist.

Outside of the communion of that church,
Whose nucleus and bedded rock was Peter,
How can there be salvation or a gospel?

Jassoket.

Peter the nucleus the rock?—a gospel?
The gospel of a purgatory! Hah,
Redemption's nil—and now no other gospel!
O horrible. And this! for that salvation
Wrought by the loving Saviour, by the Lamb
Slain that we might have life. Yes life in Him,
High o'er all hells all purgatories. Strange,
Are you an anglican, a son of Israel,
And preach such stuff—the infamy of satan?

Dean Mist.

I decline further parley. Must I say,
My course is taken. Yes, with more than on e;
Men highly cultured, cautious and convinced.

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.



*Scene 14. A Promontory. Trees. A Ruin.
Anemon, Vida, Letic, Inez. Gentlemen. —Noon.*

Jassoket.

I am no theologian—but have learned
A certain pedigree. Permit me now
To lift the veil. Some eighteen centuries,
Before the Star of Bethlehem led forth
The Eastern Sages An Assyrian queen,
Became renowned and mighty, thro' her son,
No'orious by conquest. And subdued
Asia and Egypt.—She was called Astarte,
And Athor. And was subsequently worshiped
Under the names of Aphrodite, Cybele,
Isis, Semiramis. In Palestine,
As Ashtaroth—the shame of Israel!
Her son—Assarac—also deified,
Was honored and adored by various names:
Apollo, Bacchus, Horus, and Adonis.
And in the Land of Israel, as Tammuz,
Wept women for him!—He was slain in battle.

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

These are the queen of heaven and her son,
Now worshiped as the Virgin and her Child,—
In terra-cotta images, unearthed
In buried Babel.

Dean Mist.

Are they so indeed ?
I challenge that—'tis not her pedigree,
Nor are those images hers.

Jassoket.

Permit me, Sir—
I but submit the facts of history.—
At Zidon, how magnificent her fane !
Served by three hundred priests. And there
were preached,
By dignitaries, acolytes and celibates,
The merit of mens' works, and purgatory.
There monks and nuns of various orders crooned
Their vile idolatries.

Dean Mist.

All this, my Friend,
If it be history, is foreign only.

Jassoket.

Nay, Dean, but we are nearing to the pinch.
 Midst troublous times, that vile idolatry,
 In its sojourning to the Seven hills,
 Halted at Pergamus—mark—"Satan's seat"
 You will remember is the appellation
 Prophetical bestowed. And later on,
 Augustus Cesar, erewhile priest of Jupiter,
 Pontifex Maximus now dons the vestments
 Of the idolatry. Thence passing on,
 Till Gratean had refused to be attired
 In robes pontifical. Soon, monks of Carmel—
 Assyrian and Egyptian, Babylonians,
 And founded by the priests of Jesebel,—
 Made raid upon the Bishopric of Rome.
 Three hundred Christians who opposed the
 measure,
 Were slaughtered. And the seven hilled city then
 Was ceded to the Babylonian Harlot.
 Became the sink of foul idolatry.
 The killer of the saints, the torturer,
 Inspired of hell.

Dean Mist.

I dare you to the proof
 Of these black charges. Your discovery
 Is blazonry—strained—problematical—
 It lacks the element of fact.

Jassoket.

You think so?

Search for yourself. The opportunity
Is favorable. The task not difficult.
Where are the victims of the Inquisition,
Those, more than thousands thirty four, it burnt?
Where are the millions this Magnific Mother,
Has slain because they loved the Christ of God?
And now this Monster fawns and seems a lamb.
Displays atrocious smiles and reddened eyes—
She weeps to kill! Go, Sir, she presses you.
But Israel spurns the Harlot's cup with horror.

Prof. Frost.

Friend Jassoket, since now the Dear demurs
To absolve or abrogate your arguments—
We like our own decisions, right or wrong—
Just to beat off rude Silence, I would like
To ask you something—not to reinvolve
A wordy contest—further I desire none—
But simply conversational exchange.
The question is—this book—I've just perused it.
'Tis by a noted author. One esteemed,
Both as a writer and a scientist.
With pleasure and approval I have read it.
What do you think of it?

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

Jassoket.

I have not redd it.
Have merely seen some notice of the work,
With a few extracts. But in these detect
A close adherence to the favorite views
Of irreligious men—excuse me, Sir.
Why is God's righteous indignation, hurled
Upon the wicked Cities of the Plain,
Now philosophically minimized ?

Prof. Frost.

How reasonable, how irrefutable,
When thus commented on, and certified
By facts historic and accessible.
As thus explained, how very feasible !
Amidst an outburst of ripe elements.
It merely happened—or it might have merely,
From natural causes, at that very time.

Jassoket.

And thus God's awful judgments, His decrees,
By visible agents sent and executed,
Are held referable to natural law !

Prof. Frost.

Well—we think God declines to intervene,
Even by miracle—or work outside

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

Of nature's actual course. Phenomena——
The pillar of salt, for instance, he supposes,
But saline mud that cased the wife of Lot :
As the effect, the simple nude result
Of tardiness, when she looked back and lingered.
Thus miricles are ruled as nature's comments,
As processes esential to its work.
Needing but little interference. Merely
Just the forecasting of some line of fuse,
Or burst of water on deep hidden fires.
His treatise is considered sound and christian.
And readily I admit it.

Jassoket.

Thus the word
Of The Most High, that word of awful truth,
Is fleeced and cast aside—accounted empty !
And this by men who wear the Christian garb,
And dream that they are loyal to God's truth.
O what a God have they not made of Him !
Who neither sees nor hears nor helps nor cares !

Prof. Frost.

Surely you do not think them bad as that ?

Jassoket.

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

Are they not worse than infidels—those men
Who, while professing they believe God's word,
Presume to make a sham of it ? Yes, dare
Annul the element that constitutes
That word the fiat of the Living God !

Dear Vida, will you kindly take The Book,
And read the history prepared of God.

Vida.

Genesis fifteenth chapter—I have found it.

Jassoket.

From fifteenth verse please read to twentyseventh.

Vida reads the statement.

Now tell us, Vida, what is your impression ?
Was that catastrophe some chance eruption—
Bitumen, slime, and fused volcanic matter ?

Vida.

No ! God rained fire and brimstone out of heaven.
The statement is perspicuous and terse.
And no eruption of the earth is mentioned.
O yes, and God himself has joined the angels,
See Lot addresses Him as Adonai.
And God spares Zoar, just at Lot's request !

Jassoket.

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

What says the scripture of the wife of Lot ?

Vida.

She looked back from behind him, and became
A pillar of salt. The word is most express.

Anemon.

Was she a statue, cased in mud saline ?

Vida.

Transmuted—she *became*, the Bible says,
A pillar, not a statue—are they different ?

Delia

Professor Frost perhaps will solve the querie.

Prof. Frost.

A statue I suppose could be a pillar.
But yet there seems no reference to size.

Anemon.

Her disobedience monumeantalized,
It seems was not an image, but a pillar.

Jassoket.

Now what is it but travesty of God's word,

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

To torture its significance, and make it
Conform to the vague science of the day ?

Prof. Frost.

We hold that very much of symbolism,
And metaphoric language are employed
In the old diction of the sacred Book.
Which needs the touch of science, and excision
Of modern exegesis, as applied
By a more perfect system, to expound it.
If a great pillar of salt is there implied,
Where is it ? The discovery is lacking
In all that drear and desiccative region.

Jassoket.

The fact is noted by some ancient authors.
And by Our Lord himself is called to mind.
God has permitted it to disappear,
As an accomplished testimony, doubtless.

Anemon.

A time seems imminent when the schemes jejune
And iridescent foibles of false science,
Will vanish in pale mirage from the sands.
Then the brave conjurers who hang the corners
Of the grand hall of truth with silken nets,
Will weep to see the objects of their toil,
Their silly victims and pleased votaries,
Released, escaped, and buzzing round unharmed !

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.



*Scene 15. A Promontory. Trees. A Rain.
Anemon, Vida, Others. Gentlemen. After Noon.*

Anemon.

Welcome dear Emily—Arthur—Now how glad !
But why of late such strangers ? I am angry !
I'll pick a crow with you for staying away.

Emily.

Slick, fat and plump—we'll auction off the plumes.

Arthur.

If you forgive us when the bird is pluckt,
We'll have it for a luncheon. Roast it nicely'—
To see the Girls, I'm here—yourself as one of them

Anemon.

I won't disput it. We'll reserve the wings
To fan an interlude.—Dear Friends what pleasure,
What more than pleasure ! Lately we have had
Too much of frozen argument—perhaps
That's not the term—I'll merely call it—posing.
Neither does that seem quite to fit the sence.
But it has been an airing of opinions,
Such bold antagonists such flashing brands.
And simply that. What more may come of it ?

Vida.

Nay—rather, my dear Cousin, a Goliath,
Who dares impugn the sacred Word of Truth.

Delia.

God loves us, Vida, and may send a David,
With a smoothe pebble from a wayside brook.

Arthur.

Girls, I confess you are two real puzzlers.
Questions like these seem new. What cruel charges
—Lest truly merited—your words imply.
Not versed in these strange questions, I forbear
To meddle with them. And just pass along.—
O Emily, how fine this promontory !

Inez.

Oblivious—yes to all things but the Girls.
Now just awaking to superior charms.
Rub your eyes well ! the scene is exquisite.

Arthur.

Yes, but I turn from gayer loveliness,
From charms divine—nay ! witches crazed
with romance.
From romping chatting imps that love to tease.

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

Emily.

How salient is this spot, and how common ling.
The vigorous air blows freshly from the sea.
Far away, on the dim rotund, a sail
Floats like a feather on the ocean's verge.——
Vida, what stones are these—some ancient ruin?
Some prehistoric hints of vanished peoples.
A broken column and outpeeping stones.

Vida.

Were Viking here 'twould be a topic for him.
It seems as if transported now we stand
Far in the ages dim. Midst facination
That conjures up the past.

Delia

Maybe those scenes
Revolting, are best hidden from our glimpses.
Romance with you I love, and ideality,
Avoiding tragic scenes.

Emily.

Why not evoke
The beautiful with each bewitching feature
Of good, of glory?

Vida.

Yes, why not?

Delia.

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

O never,

Dear Vida, brood amidst the dunes of silence.
Better the cheerful lays that woo content.

Vida.

Delia, the slightest touch of fond duress,
Steals like a lull of music o'er the heart.
There waits a pleasure in this kiss of sadness,
More than in frolic. Like the wind's faint trill
In golden dawns, It clepes the sweetest odors
From new waked flowers.

Emily.

Vida, what diverse tastes!

How very much we differ. See, that ship
Is passing and comes nearer. I delight
To sail the foam wreathed waters. O so thrilling
To play the phantom o'er unsounded crypts.
No land in sight. And oft and oft pass spectres,
A glittering ice hill, or a mossgrown wreck,
Or craft to far port bound.

Inez.

O Emily,

How strange your taste, to me t'would be a terror
The sea I love to watch, but not to venture
On its relentless waves.

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

Emily.

Ah—who comes yonder?

Inez.

Viking the Antiquary? —It is he.

Vida.

How oportune I know that he delights
In bold depictings, and in restorations,
By inference, and schemes of compensation.

Anemon.

Viking, how glad, how very g'lad to see you.
The Girls are puzzled by this fallen shaft.
And crave your pity to decypher it.

Inez.

O Viking, tell us of some giant race,
Who pickt up these great stones in little armfuls
And carried them some miles—yes several leagues
And dropt them carefully all in a row.
See the strong roots that lock them fast. The trees
That sit astraddle.

Viking.

Ah, you talk of giants,
Inez, and yet you think there never was one.

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

Inez.

Oh now—I do indeed. I know there were.
And such how needed to transport these stones
From the far quarry It is ascertained
That every stone—and O what piles of them—
Were brought some miles, and over a low valley,
High up this hill.

Viking.

I do not think, dear Inez,
These works were done by giants notwithstanding.
I scarcely would dispute it, were it claimed
That some old relics—not perhaps just these,
Represent antedeluvians.

Inez.

Ah, Viking,

Tell us if it be true that there are yet
Proofs positive, by parts of skeletons,
From remote ages, picked up on the marge
Of the great sea that beats on life's rough shore—
Yes bones prodigious of dread Nephelim?

Viking.

You are poetical, Inez. But I'll tell you,
Just in plain english without metaphor,
That there were giants—as the Bible says.

JASSOKET AND ANEMON,

Would you be startled, Inez. should you see
Approaching you with patronizing air,
A gentleman—a little oversize,
With one of those tall saplings for a cane,
With genial smiles—a hundred feet in air!
And bowing gracefully?

Inez.

Viking—O fie!

We would be thunder struck. Ah, you have cau't
This romance now from Sakal. Just imagine
A smiling monster with great bushy head,
A hundred feet in height. With pensive steps,
Soft little steps—each not quite twenty yards!
Ah Viking, you are merry. We believe
In giants—but not such as never lived.

Viking.

Well—well—but, Inez, we will just suppose,
This gentleman approaching a young lady,
A charming and accomplished one, of course.
Improvise now a mansion, with grand portal
Of burnished brass, two hundred feet in height.
Admitting to a hall of spacious area,
Sustained by pillars of a hundred yards.
There he beholds his graceful ladybird,
All loveliness in rich but plain attire.

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

We will suppose, that seated in divan,
With this titanic beauty of old days.
He takes the blushing girl upon his lap,
Snug on his knees, up ten good yards or more.
—A scene potential for your crayon, Inez—
One kiss !—like the percussion of a cannon,
Startles the eagles nested in the peaks.

Inez.

Viking !—You give us all the hickups—stop !

Viking.

Well laugh—just laugh. You think this scene
ideal,
And such as never were. I must convince you—
When your sly merriment is quieted,
By irresistible facts, that such things once,
And for a time were common place affairs,
On this same globe of ours. Such ominous things
Transpired with all their terrible result.

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.



*Scene 16. A Promontory. Trees. A Ruin.
Anemon, Vida, Others. Gentlemen. After Noon.*

Anemon.

We have been much amused by our friend Viking
With his cartoons illustrative of times
Beyond that awful flood, when God in mercy
Swept sin's insufferable broods away.
And man awaked a second time in hope.

Vida.

Some things appear incredible—yet are fact.

Inez.

Viking, if now not treating us to myths,
Just for our entertainment—we will listen.

Viking.

Facts, unsophisticated facts—a few,
But well established, Inez, you will learn.
At Totu in Bohemia, in the year
Seven hundred fifty eight, the skeleton

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

Of a huge giant was unearthed, enough
To chill the blood with horror. A huge scull.
Yes, an enormous head, which two men's arms
Could scarce encircle.

Inez.

But I wont believe it
Without clear proofs. A story—how incredible !

Viking.

Inez, facts sometimes are more strange than fiction
And much of fiction, is Fact stalking forth,
Mist-blanketed, distorted by the distance.
That spectral head was mounted once on shanks
Twenty six feet in length. Those shank bones lay
So saith the record—Inez, don't believe it !—
Fully a thousand years within the castle,
A spectacle and wonder for the many,
In that same city of Bohemia.

Inez. In make-believe.

Oh ! Doctor Dawn—some kind presentiment !
For you are just in time as my abettor.
Viking is making us the sport of myths,
I do believe. You'll not decline to aid us ?
Viking ! unfoil your ears and stoop to hear him.

Impersonating Dr. Dawn.

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

I called to aid you—and announce just this :
Research and science have abolished giants !

Viking.

Ah ! there is mischief in those laughing eyes !
Doctor, just treat them to a homily.
They are offenders grave incorrigible,
Gainst all the laws and smiling offices
Of queenly courtesy. But I have trickt them !

Inez.

Proceed now, Viking, if you dare to do it,
Before kind Doctor Dawn. He'll pull your ears—
I know he will, before you get half through.

Viking.

Well Girls, we will be serious for a little.
For these same bones are proofs of a great evil
That culminated in destruction dire.
In the twelvth century, in our dear England,
Bones of a man of fifty feet were found.
Some, not a few, have been laid bare by floods.
At other times the unsuspecting serf,
Amazed by some titanic relic old,
Has dropt his spade transfixed with brief alarm.

Delia.

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

If there were giants once, then why not now?

Viking.

Not many have been living since the Flood,
And these inferior to the olden brood.
Such were exterminated, you remember,
By our Forefathers when our Tribes advanced,
And seized those treasures, by fell wickedness
Forfeited—which our God bestowed on us.

Emily.

On *us*—are you a Jew? We claim to be
Christians of ethnic stock.

Viking.

No—not a Jew,
But yet a Hebrew of those Ten fled Tribes,
Spurned from their Land by foul idolatry.
And doomed to obscurity for a space.
But destined to a signal reassertion,
From the thick cloud that yet conceals and
wards them,
When the set hour shall strike.

Anemon.

Viking, indeed!

An Israelite with us—with Jassoket!
That is precisely what he claims and argues.

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

How came you by this knowlege?

Viking.

Really

It seemed an intuition. But a hint,
Some trifling hint, midst ridicule of others,
Opened my eyes and flooded me with light.
There's grace and glory in it.

Anemon.

Then, Viking, why

Scorned by so many unaccountably?
Dare they despise those dazzling Promises,
Made to the Fathers of our Race, our Nobles,
To Abraham to Isaac and to Jacob,
Each of them a great Prophet and a King?

Viking.

Know we not certainly that there must be
An implantation, and Celestial touch
To clear our vision. For a palpable blindness,
Stolid indifference and stupidity,
Afflict us as a Race. And no—no never
Will the proud fact be Nationally Crowned,
Till after the red day of Armageddon.

Anemon.

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

Hence but a few have glimpses of this truth!
Yes, notwithstanding sunbright evidences,
'Tis hidden from ourselves and other nations.

Inez.

But, Viking, those dread giants—surely now
You have not done with them. Another topic
Must not annihilate those monstrous bones.
Are we tormenting imps? I guess you know it.

Viking.

Now, Inez, one or two more instances.
Note them, and then retire incredulus.—
In seventeen hundred twelve, by Doctor Mather,
Startling accounts are furnished, of strange facts.
In Albany of our rich continent,
Bones monstrous, and enormous teeth were found.
One human tooth weighed four pounds and
three-fourths.

And there, a thigh bone seventeen feet in length,
Which crumbled on exposure to the air.
Times ancient, by their annotations scored
In fragments of imperfect history,
Confirm the records of more recent dates,
That there were giants, as God's Book declares.

Vida.

Now for myself, Viking, I'll not pronounce
Upon those things. It may be they are facts,
In just proportion, not exaggerated,
And even ethnical. And yet I think
Some awful mystery some woeful crisis,
Must have contributed to the production
Of people—if they were indeed but people,
Who grew to such amazing magnitudes.
And dared to fill the earth with violence.

Delia

Goliath, as we read, was much less monstrous
Than the purported measures of those drifts.
The sons of Anak, notably gigantic,
Grow meager in the scope of their dimensions,
To the old tyrants predeluvial,
Whose staring bones were frequently discovered,
In driven soils, sunk vales and upturned clays,
Out and again for many hundred years.

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.



*Scene 17. A Promontory. Trees. A Ruin.
Anemon, Vida, Others. Gentlemen. After Noon.*

Anemon.

These things are marvellous and terrible. —
But here come Jassoket and Doctor Dawn.
Inez, they come in person—do you see them!

Inez.

Gentlemen just in nick of time you come !
I took some liberty to impersonate,
And summon you in phantom. Pardon me.
For Viking terrified us with wild legends,
Too monstrous for the grasp of sober thought.
Yes ! terrible giants. Doctor Dawn, to you
We look for right expounding of the text
That offers lunch to such uncouth device
Of hungry spectres striding from the glens.

Dr. Dawn.

Well, my dear Child, I heartily admire
The humerous sapience which not easily
May be imposed on by incredible tales.

Friend Jassoket, we sometimes are surprised
 By wisdom that has overleaped its date,
 And promises exquisiteness of bloom.
 But why, sweet Girl, do you apply to me ?
 We know that our friend Viking is not ignorant
 Of porisms by our cabinet of kings,
 Who challenge these big stories, and refuse
 A clean sign-manuel Yes, my dear Sir.
 We are assured by Cuvier and others,
 That such colossal bones were never human,
 Mather and other writers notwithstanding.
 The classical accounts are not trustworthy.
 And Mathers bones were those of a mastodon.

Viking.

Thus, Reverend Sir, you handle testimony.
 Thus arrogate to recent valuations,
 The sedulous verdict of old naturalists.
 Think you, strict skilled expert anatomists,
 Artists to whom each curve and conformation,
 Every articulation bone and nerve,
 Were scrupulously intimately known,
 Could be so inexact, so superficial,
 So reckless of the truth—they being masters,
 As to report as human, bones of beasts.
 Is it not most illogical, absurd ?

Dr. Dawn.

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

The *Nephilim* and *Giborim*, dear Sir,
Were reckless cruel strong and blowsy men.
Interpreted in standards of theology.
The sons of Adam, called the sons of God,
Took wives of wicked Cain's posterity,
Reported beautiful. And this ill union
Produced the race of *Nephilim* denounced.
Men stormy false degraded fierce and foaming.
Not necessarily of gigantic form:
Which really seems quite foreign to the sense.

Jassoket.

Doctor, is that the saxon of the text,
The veritable teaching of God's Word?

Dr. Dawn.

I know some few suppose, with certain others
Of former times, that those misguided men
Denominated sons of God, were angels.
But that's preposterous assuredly.

Jassoket.

Is such the obvious meaning of those words.
Which in a flash depict this history?
Let us not budge a hairbreadth from the text,
Whatever be the challenge or citation.
Let us consult the Holy Oracles.

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

Read, my dear Vida, verses first and second,
Yes, third and fourth and fifth ; of Genesis,
In Chapter sixth. And very scrupulously
Weigh all of God's true words.

Vida reads the passages.

Now, Doctor Dawn,
Note the deep bearing of the sacred Word :
Sons of the Alehim—not sons of Adam

Dr. Dawn.

What think you. Viking ?

Viking.

As I understand it,
The Nephilim were giants notably,
Emphatic both in force and recklessness.
Accentuated ruffains, vile, malign.
Records of archeology refuse
To be accessory to the merest doubt,
If we accept its varied testimony.
The daughters of the Adamites were lovely.
And these are represented as the offspring
Of intermarriage with these sons of God.
Now 'tis a fact, not rare enough indeed,
That wicked horrid fierce abandoned wretches,
Have wooed and won the very loveliest

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

And best of women——and the oposite—
But how can loveliness be else than good !
I blush to charge it. Sir, admonish me,
Have Nephilim, have monsters huge and stern,
O'ertopping the contiguous cottages,
Blackened the page of such disastrous unions ?
And if not now, why then ? I hesitate not
To join the cavalcade of those sage ancients,
Who held that they were angels—sons of God,
Who left their habitation—first estate,
And visited the earth and took them wives
Of the enchanting daughters of our Eve.
The glee of disobedience and dread ruin,
To them to Eve's fair daughters and the earth.

Dr. Dawn.

Must I record my absolute deny,
On such interpretation ? Is not Adam
Himself, denominated—son of God ?
And did not Satan in the days of Job
Present himself amongst the sons of God ?
And were not they the righteous of those times ?

Jassoket.

Satan no doubt is double armed and cunning,
Posing both as accuser and deceiver.
But men were not the sons of God, midst where
The audacious tempter at that time appeared

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

They were angelic beings notably.
Sons of the Alehim, not sons of Adam.
Thus in both instances alike 'tis plain. —
Yes, with your strictures, Viking, I concur.
Mark, it is written : “ Also after that : ”
In which we find the like sin indicated,
In sons of Anak of the Nephelim.
Not medium sized hairy and ruthless men,
But giants foredoomed to extermination.
To whom the Israelites were but as grasshoppers

Dr. Dawn.

Why 'tis a thing absurd—impossible.
Young Ladies, would it not alarm you terribly,
If radiant seraphs on bright wings alighted,
Addressing you as lovers most devout ?

Inez.

Oh Doctor, I should think so ! Strange idea,
What did I tell you, Viking ? Now you flounder,
Caught in the meshes of consistent logic.
Viking, I blush for your temerity !

Viking.

Laugh, Inez—your remarks are pertinent.
But if those sons of God appeared as men,
Full in the bloom of vigor and delight,

With sly deception and persuasive arts,
Wooing Eve's lovely daughters—to you think
There would be much alarm? Too soon they won
The prize for which they forfeited their rank,
And braved the doom of disobedience.

Dr. Dawn.

They were contrivers of elysian bowers.
On their strong wings, in aerial excursions,
Bearing their wives away to mountain tops,
And halls romantic, feasting there on nectar.
These are the myths of old mythology.

Viking.

Doctor with me 'tis scarcely now a question,
Whether the obsolete mythology,
May not have had its origin and basis.
In just this very thing.

Dr. Dawn.

Are you apprised
That this is made the blare of infidels:
Heathen mythology has been the protoplast
Of these mysterious notes. Had we not better
Elect some sensible interpretation,
And stop the mouths of unbelief and scorn?

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

Jassoket.

My good Friend, must we not even just admit
That the mythology of the heathen, rested
Upon the real basis of these facts ?
Much of the stories of their gods, those myths,
Their marvellous carcens, superb exploits,
Rest on the bold rebellion of these angels.
They fell from their allegiance and involved
The glorious race of Adam in dire ruin.
Do you not know that at this very epoch,
Upon the lapse of those celestial cohorts,
This double fall of angels and Eve's daughters,—
That God repented He had made the earth,
And cleansing by an awful flood decreed ?

Dr. Dawn.

Sir, I must chalenge every argument
Founded upon conjectures such as these.
Those sons of God were Sethites and not angels.
All this, friend Jassoket, seems quite at par
With your philosophy, which sets at naught,
The deep researches of devoted students,
And earth's thesauric forces. While we know,
The only life-endowed material,
Of which we are cognizant—is protoplasm.
At first amorphus and unintegrated.

JASSOKET AND ANEMON,

The while within it closed lay all the glory
Of animal and vegetable forms.
Thus almost self inspired with miracle.

Jassoket.

I scorn such stuff! 'tis stark stupidity.
Somnambulism of reason wandering nude.
Daring to set at nought the Infinite King,
The God who formed us.

Dr. Dawn.

Are you not severe?
Earth is inscribed with sections of upbuilding.
Giants—but not excessively gigantic—
I will admit—for there are specimens,
Exhibited as such. But whence are these?

Viking.

The overgrown and short-lived prodigies
Of modern times, effete and inefficient,
Are but monstrosities, and not true giants,
The progeny of gods.

Inez.

So I should think!—
I'll help you, Doctor Dawn.—Ah Viking, surely
Your fancies have run mad and grown to giants.

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.



*Scene 18. A Parnatory. Trees. A River.
Anemon, Vida, Others. Gentlemen. After Noon.*

Jassoket.

Dear Inez, Viking cautiously has touched
Mutters profoundly interesting. Slightly
Perhaps your merriment has melted down
The pile which he intended to display,
Or robbed it of some glitter. You must know,
The barrows, cairns, the tumuli, the mounds,
So numerous so ruthlessly profaned :
The strong, deep buried forts, the terraced hills.
The upthrown dykes that held the floods in leash
The traced canals, digged by prodigious toil,
Which fed the mighty rivers to the hills,
And made the vales parterres of fragrancy.
And blissly bounteous harbingers of food.
All these innumerable, despoiled remain
Repositories of mute history,
In portions of this continent of ours.
And fully they corroborate and prove
All Viking has advanced.

JASOKET AND ANEMON,

At Eagle Point,

Down on the Mississippi, some years since,
In grading for a railroad. Startlingly,
A double chambered Temple re-appeared.
Rose from its dream of many thousand years,
Where, in the gloom locked bosom of the hills,
No whisper had disturbed it since the Flood.
There in a spacious hall in that strange Fane,
As if weird phantoms practiced on our sight,
Twenty-four human Skeletons appeared,
Sitting in semicircle, as in worship
Of the pale cressive moon. And were they thus
Transfixt by scorching lightnings at the burst
Of heaven and earth, when the old world was
drowned ?

There postured for long ages ! These are men,
Each of ten feet in height—except the Chief,
The apparent monarch seated in the midst,
With regal staff of gold and glittering metals,
Held in his boney clutch. Two feet he towered
Above his fellows.

Viking.

Now, my saucy Girls,
Why don't you laugh ?

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

Inez.

O how we wish that you
Had told us this—what fun it would have been!

Dr. Dawn.

And you believe all this? Ah, my good Friend,
Nothing appears to stagger you. I think
Were some one to predict, that ultimately
We shall address our cycles to the moon,
And mount among the clouds, you would
believe it.

Anemon.

Is it not written, Who are these that fly
As clouds, and doves to their windows! Yes,
dear Sir,
We hesitate not, believe God's word.

King.

Some claim to be imperators august,
To whom the elemental forces bow,
And nature pays them tribute. With these pledges
They rest assured. To such what is the past?

Jassoket.

The past—what of it? Nothing—nearly nothing.

JASSOKET AND ANEMON.

The lights beyond the Flood—that which they
wrought,
It may have been but little—long has perished.
The future—yes to that look eagerly,
With all the marvels yet discoverable.
And waste no thought on Heavenly Providence:
For all things are of Nature, not of God!
Thus you dishonor The Great King, our Maker.

Dr. Dawn.

This is your estimate of natural science.
We thank you. As to scenes before the Flood,
Who can display them? Thus we give the rein
To the erratic steed of fancy ever.
Where is the evidence of that advancement
Which you suppose? It is illusory.

Jassoket.

Perhaps—did not some faint memoritor,
Come like a strange bird, bearing in its beak
Mysteriously an undecyphered scroll.
Ominous and suggestive, witnessing
Some things which you perhaps repudiate,
From pre-deluvial ages. It was thus
Some cutting tools of pure transmuted copper,

Were picked up from a Mound in Michigan,
 That peerless metal, quite unbreakable,
 Tho' tempered, tho' exquisitely edge-bearing.
 An art long lost, which favored metallurgists,
 Toiled but remained successful to recover.
 The formula seemed irrevocable.

Soon an untutored Youth was swept by dreams
 Of golden glory. The proud alchemy,
 To which he turned as novice, and committed
 The bubblings of his life, rose up before him.
 And he addressed himself, as an adventurer,
 To a stern task with hazards yet concealed.
 He braved great difficulties toils privations.
 Struggles, amidst the chill and gusty years,
 That gnawed into his earnestness of soul.
 But still addressed him to the witching prize,
 Guessing the old obliterated trail,
 With patience that tho' foiled will persevere.
 With energy that baffles circumstances.
 With testings that but fail—to be renewed.
 And lo, he dons the chaplet of success!
 The long sought precept is delivered up
 From the sealed Vases of Antiquity.

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